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## Contents


The Week ..... 80

Editorials

The New Flivverism ..... 83
No Security without Justice ..... 85
Is There Any Maritime Law? ..... 86

General Articles

The Re-Discovery of America—I....Waldo Frank 89
Lady, Save Those Mineral Salts!.....Catherine Hackett 91
Moody and Sankey.....Robert Morss Lovett 94
Fantastic Comedies.....Stark Young 96
Washington Notes.....T. R. B. 97
The Road to Moscow.....Robert Littell 98
A New York Diary ..... 100
The Sportsman's Tragedy.....Edmund Wilson 102

Correspondence ..... 103


## The Week

THE surprises in President Coolidge's message to Congress are few and small. Most of the things in it he has said before, and he repeats them now with a seeming lack of conviction which lends strong confirmation to the belief that he does not intend to run again. He favors a limited tax reduction, in order to continue to retire the war debt of $18,000,000,000, and avoid the danger of an unbalanced budget. He favors some increase in the size of the Navy, but not enough to disturb international relations; the return of the remaining quarter of a billion dollars' worth of alien property, and the creation of a federal Department of Education. He wants some sort of federal anti-lynching law; the handing over to the states of an increasing share of responsibility for the Indians; a Board of Mediation and Conciliation for the coal industry. He is willing to have the United States enter upon covenants against war, but only those which remain within the Constitution of the United States, which gives Congress the sole power to declare war. He is opposed to government aid for the farmers, except temporary loans to marketing organizations. He wants no decrease in the tariff and is against public operation of Muscle Shoals. Philippine independence is so far away that it is not even mentioned, and he is against permitting Porto Rico to elect its governor. The merchant marine should be privately owned and operated. The United States stands ready to coöperate with any government which may emerge in China, and in the meantime will protect its citizens there. He expects a friendly settlement with Mexico, and alleges he is entirely pleased with what has been done in Nicaragua, his brief reference leaving the impression that it was a minor matter, of no importance, and one now ended.

THERE are a few things in the President's message which we are particularly glad to see there, and a few which seem to us especially regrettable. We welcome his open attack on hired agents of wealth who have conducted propaganda for the repeal of certain taxes, as well as his frank criticism of the Shipping Board for being too much concerned about private interests and insufficiently so about the public welfare. His suggestion that the states should take more responsibility for the Indian tribes within their borders has been made in the New Republic, and, if carried into effect, would help to break the strangling grip of the Indian Bureau. The proposal that a congressional committee should visit the Philippines every two years should have excellent results, provided the expedition did not degenerate into a mere junket. We note with pleasure his praise for the United States Employment Service, his support of a federal anti-lynching bill, his endorsement of the badly needed conciliation board for coal and his demand for the return of alien property. Against these items we should set his disingenuous picture of the success of prohibition and his amazing argument about the tariff. He indicates that it is not a burden because it affects necessities of life only to the value of $560,000,000—as though it did not alter the prices on domestic manufactures to the value of billions more! Also, he argues that the farmer is not affected by the tariff, since "everything the farmer now uses in farming is already on the free list." If the protected manufacturers do not sell to the farmers, protection must be worth very little to them. It will be news to many people that farmers do not wear clothing, use steel products, or live in houses.


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PERHAPS the worst passage in the whole document is that referring to Muscle Shoals. Mr. Coolidge knows that the nitrate game is up; his Department of Agriculture has told him that "nitrates can probably be produced at less cost [by other means] than by the use of hydro-electric power." There remains the matter of the power itself. The President suggests that the plant should be sold, and the proceeds "dedicated to agriculture" by "applying the revenues received from it to research for methods of more economical production of centralized fertilizer and to demonstrations and other methods of stimulating its use on the farm." Was there ever a more absurd linking together of two totally unrelated matters for the sake of political expediency? If research into fertilizer is desirable, there is no more reason why funds derived from the sale of Muscle Shoals should be earmarked for that purpose than for similarly setting aside the profits from passport visas. If the sale of Muscle Shoals is desirable, then it should be sold and the profits put into the general funds of the Treasury. As our readers are well aware, the New Republic does not believe that Muscle Shoals should be sold. It regards cheap electric power as of vital importance to the whole nation, including the farmers, and considers that a great plant such as that at Muscle Shoals, in public hands, can serve as a useful pace-maker for an industry which has never been particularly notable for devotion to the public interest, if that public interest conflicts with private profits.

IN the New Republic of last week, the criticism of the loan to the South Manchurian Railway Company which may be issued by J. P. Morgan and Company on the score of its doubtful security was based on insufficient information. We are informed that the loan, if issued, will be guaranteed by the Japanese government. The security behind it would, consequently, be just as good as the security behind any other issue of Japanese government bonds. It would differ from the other national obligations of that country only because, in this instance, certain revenues from the South Manchurian Railway would be assigned to meet the interest and principal of the loan. If, as the result of trouble between China and Japan, the property of the Railway Company were injured, the security behind the loan would not be impaired. These being the circumstances, the loan seems to us unobjectionable. It would not mean, as it is alleged to mean, an American underwriting of the Japanese title to the South Manchurian Railway. It would mean merely that American investors were willing to trust the Japanese government with $30,000,000, to be spent, at its discretion, partly for the refinancing of one of its properties and partly for improvements thereon. If it did imply, as the Chinese erroneously think, that Japan was obtaining specific support and endorsement for its position in Manchuria from American sources, the issue of the loan doubtless would be and undoubtedly should be forbidden by the State Department. Japan cannot reasonably be denied access to the American money market because of its Manchurian policy, but from the point of view of the American investor and of the American policy in the Far East, the Japanese should be given to understand that its Manchurian enterprise is a liability rather than an asset.

PRESIDENT Coolidge and Secretary Mellon deserve unqualified support in their controversy with the United States Chamber of Commerce over tax reduction. The government estimates of future surplus are more to be depended upon than any others that are available. Criticism has been unable seriously to shake them. The probable surplus being what it is, it would be folly to risk a deficit by excessive reduction. A deficit would mean first, borrowing, and next, increase of taxes. Such a policy is bad business for the government and would not be applied to his own business by any member of the Chamber. The Committee on Ways and Means is to be congratulated on recommending reductions so little in excess of the amount stipulated by the Secretary of the Treasury. It has also, in some respects, improved upon the specific cuts desired by Mr. Mellon. Most notable is its adverse vote on the proposed repeal of the estate tax. In general, its preference for cutting consumption taxes instead of income taxes is to be commended. We regret only that this tendency was not given greater scope in the Committee's framing of the measure.

THE bill for tax reduction of the Ways and Means Committee is, on the whole, politically and economically sensible, but in one respect it perpetuates an unfair discrimination against an important national industry and profession. It continues to tax theater tickets which cost over a dollar, and this is a gross discrimination in favor of moving pictures and against the spoken drama. There is no reason for such a discrimination. Moving pictures can be sold cheaper than spoken dramas, but that is only because the one photographed performance can be more widely distributed. A spoken drama which costs three dollars to see and hear is being sold at a much smaller margin above its cost of production than is a moving picture which costs twenty-five cents to see. If amusements are to be taxed, they should be taxed at approximately the same rate. It may be sound public policy to impose a tax on tickets which cost five dollars or more on the score of their being luxuries, but a three-dollar seat at a theater is not a luxury or an extravagance. It is a fair price to pay for an article which is one necessity of an interesting life for many people, and there is no reason to select it, as compared to cheaper forms of amusement, for peculiarly burdensome taxation.

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IN a recent speech which he made to the Convention of League of Women Voters in Albany, Governor Smith reëxplained his attitude on prohibition. It is that he is in favor of the enforcement of the law rather than its nullification, but that he does not believe in its wisdom, and that he will agitate for its modification or repeal. This assertion of opinion is all very well, but it is not explicit on the really important question. Does he intend to emphasize the issue and try to force it into national politics, as Senator Borah is trying to do? Or is he pursuing a variation of the official program of both parties which is to put it, so far as possible, out of national political discussion? It should be added that his reference to nullification was not either candid or illuminating. The law is being nullified more because it is being conscientiously disobeyed than because it is being unconscientiously enforced. The real nullifiers of the law are those American citizens who do not enforce it on themselves. The politician who pretends to be in favor of imposing obedience to it on others but who disdains to obey it himself is not occupying a position which is likely to nourish his self-respect or the confidence in him of his fellow citizens.

THE Sacco-Vanzetti case broke into the headlines again momentarily last week as several court cases were decided, growing out of the actions of picketers and others who made other public protest. Eight participants in the "death march" were acquitted by a jury, creating a useful precedent that picketing is not "loitering and sauntering." Another jury disagreed in the trial of Powers Hapgood and Cosmo Carvotti on the serious charge of rioting, for which heavy penalties might have been exacted. Hapgood was found guilty (as he undoubtedly was) of speaking without a permit, and fined twenty-five dollars. Does this unexpected leniency indicate that Boston, ashamed and repentant, has experienced a change of heart? We see no evidence that such is the case. In so far as these results were not the accidental result of the jury's personnel, they came, we believe, from the desire to mop up after a disagreeable episode as promptly and quietly as possible. Boston has won its essential point: it has put Sacco and Vanzetti to death, and can afford a little harmless magnanimity now. But who can doubt that, if there were another such case tomorrow, the civil liberties of those who protested the action of the authorities would again be thrust aside, as ruthlessly as before?

ONE of the most puzzling aspects of the Sacco-Vanzetti case was offered by the conflicting testimony in regard to the relation between the bullet found in the body of Berardelli, the victim, and the pistol carried by Sacco. After the authorities employed either by the prosecution or by the defense had been heard and read into the record, there appeared one Major Calvin H. Goddard who, as a self-invited expert, made certain tests by a process of his own, tests which led him to the conclusion that the mortal bullet was fired by Sacco's pistol, and could have been fired by no other. Major Goddard's findings were published in the Popular Science Monthly. Many people wondered why the defense did not reply. The defense was, of course, concerned with the case as presented by the prosecution. Major Goddard's testimony was invoked neither by the state nor by the informal Advisory Committee; it had actually no relevance, but it undoubtedly influenced public opinion. Now, however, in the article in the Nation for December 7, Mr. Arthur Warner gives an account of the case of one Frank Milazzo in Cleveland who was arrested in connection with the murder of one Yorkell. The mortal bullets and Milazzo's pistol were submitted to an expert who found that the bullets were fired from that pistol and no other. Milazzo was charged with the crime; but just then the Cleveland News discovered that the pistol had not been purchased until a month after the shooting. The expert was Major Calvin H. Goddard. (Mr. Warner, with scrupulous fairness, records the fact that Major Goddard thinks the bullets were changed on him. By the police, perhaps?)

LABOR, the organ of the A. F. of L. railway unions and conservative railway Brotherhoods, is not sympathetic with the I. W. W., and is known for reliable news reporting. Its special correspondent from Colorado states that the crowd of strikers into whom the mine guards shot on November 21, killing five and wounding twenty-one, were not armed and were separated from the mine by an electrically charged barbed-wire fence. Self-defense on the part of the guards did not necessitate the shooting. The shooting, it is believed by the miners, was deliberately planned in order to forestall a settlement, which was imminent at this non-Rockefeller mine because the principal stock-holder is Miss Josephine Roche, a welfare worker who had expressed her sympathy with the strikers. Such a settlement would have been embarrassing to the Rockefeller and other mines, which exert a large share of control over the state government and police. Despite the fact that the I. W. W. are leading the strike and were instrumental in breaking up the A. F. of L. unions, the regular labor movement of the state believes the strikers have genuine grievances, and is supporting them. The workers, according to Labor's correspondent, "would quit the I. W. W.'s in a minute if they could only see a chance to get into a regular union." This chance is, of course, denied by the Rockefeller policy.

WE also have a statement from Mr. J. F. Welborn, President of the Rockefeller-owned Colorado Fuel and Iron Company, to the effect that the disturbance in Colorado "cannot properly be called a

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strike at all," that "miners quit work from fear of violence and not from a sense of grievance against their employers," that, according to the State Industrial Commission, "no legal demand has been made for an increase in wages or change in working conditions," that the representative of his company union expressed himself as being satisfied with conditions and argued against joining an independent union, and that most of his employees remained at work until intimidated by mass picketing directed by men who "had but recently come to Colorado from other states where they had definite I. W. W. records and in many cases criminal records." The company is continuing to operate its mines, at a loss, out of a sense of duty to the miners, who want to work, and to the public, which needs coal. Mr. Wellborn doubtless believes all this—though it will be instantly recognized as the standard defense of all employers against all strikes, no matter what the facts are. But Mr. Wellborn has no means of proving most of it, because the employees have been denied, by Rockefeller policy, any organ of representation independent of company control or pressure. There is no more tragic mistake for an industrial executive than, first, to believe his employees are always satisfied, and second, to deny them any independent means of showing him whether they are satisfied or not.

SECRETARY Work, we are glad to see, sticks to his guns on the Boulder Dam project, in spite of the great influence of the power lobby. It is important to recognize exactly what his position is. In his annual report, he records the fact that his department does not undertake enterprises which are primarily power developments. But when, in reclamation or other works, power development is a logical incident, the Department does undertake it, and to great advantage. The federal government has a legitimate interest in the Colorado project because of the interstate and international bearings, because of reclamation, flood control and water rights. If the government is asked to undertake the project, it must depend largely on income from the power to be generated, in order to retire its great investment. If the power rights can be leased by competitive bidding so as to achieve this result, well and good. If not, the government should have the right to build the power plant, and dispose of it at a fair price. And if no fair price can be obtained, the government should be authorized to produce the power and sell it. This alternative is embodied in the Swing-Johnson Bill. And this alternative is what the power interests are fighting. They want to compel the government to lease the power rights. They want to do this so that in a farcical "competitive" bidding they can get the power more cheaply. The issue between Secretary Work and the power lobby is not an issue between public and private operation. It is essentially an attempt by the Secretary to prevent stealing of government power from the taxpayers. The chief difference between the oil frauds and the power fraud which is now being attempted, is that the oil steal was carried on in private dealings with the executive, while the power fraud is being attempted by subornation of Congress.

# The New Flivverism

FEW news stories of recent years received more space than the announcement of the new Ford car. None betokened more genuine and sustained public interest. We do not except the chivalric flight of Lindbergh, or the heavyweight championship, or the most sordid murder case. Certainly no political, or international, or social, or artistic, or scientific news could approach it in popular validity. In a peculiar way this business venture indicates and symbolizes the temper of the American people in the later 1920's. For that reason it is worth a few moment's rumination.

It may be contended, indeed, that the news value of the event was stimulated by adventitious aids. Skillful publicity men were at work. The fact that a new car was being designed, then the general nature of the car, and finally the details of its construction and price, were allowed to leak out slowly in such ways as to give the impression that desperate attempts were being made to conceal them, and hence the appetite of news vendors and readers was whetted. When the time came for the final announcements, the page advertisements were not an attempt to force something upon the public attention, but the solution of a mystery, the answer to questions which had been on millions of lips. And the hundreds of thousands of dollars—perhaps millions—which the newspapers knew were to be spent in advertising no doubt predisposed them to devote more columns of type to the event than they otherwise would. Yet none of these motives would have operated so well without a solid basis of native interest.

Conflict, of course, is the essence of all drama, but here is a type of conflict which to this nation, at this time, is "real" in the sense that even boxing matches, elections, and struggles for life in a courtroom are not. Henry Ford, the richest man in the world, the industrial giant risen by his own efforts from poverty, the originator of a new type of mass production and a new theory of profits, defying the bankers and the monopolists, had lost a bout to organized capital and modern industrial administration. His competitors had learned most of his secrets and gone him one or two better. At first slowly, and then with a terrifying speed, the sales of other cheap cars had eaten into the market for the old Model T. Would Henry Ford come back? If so, what would he do to the new champion? This great conflict, apprehended more or less dimly by

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everyone, lies in the realm which is significant to the modern age. And the preparations for the comeback take on some of the aspects of magnificence. Enormous plants, carrying great overhead, were shut down. Millions of profits were foregone. Expenses of experiment, of new machinery and processes, were met. Yet Ford did not have to borrow. His amassed profits furnished ample reserves. His business independence was maintained.

At last comes the concrete challenge. As a challenge, it is interesting. But the nature of the challenge is still more interesting as a revelation of our tendencies. The old Ford was almost austerely a utility. For long it made no compromise with fashion or esthetic demand. Everything was sacrificed to continuous mass production; the one reliance for sales was cheapness and more cheapness. It adopted no mechanical improvements or refinements. It was always black. It was not advertised. It had no gadgets or gewgaws. Its lines were high and awkward. In short, it was a flivver. Long did the public rebel against this austerity before any concession was allowed by the manufacturer. Individuals painted their cars, bought all conceivable kinds of attachments and embellishments from minor manufacturers and mail-order houses. When the effort to make a Ford look and act like a "real car" became too hopeless, the owners took refuge in the defenses of deprecatory wit. One flivver out of every three bore some comic sign, to show that the occupant knew what people thought, and did not care. A few minor changes were at last made, but they were like an obvious toupé on a much ridiculed bald head. The public drifted to cars they would not have to label.

The new Model A constitutes a complete surrender of this utilitarian austerity. It makes every concession to taste and convenience—real or fancied—which is embodied in cars selling for three or four times the price. The most common comment—that it looks like a baby Lincoln—is the crux of the matter. Four choices of color combinations. Stream-line form. High radiator and hood. Illuminated instrument board on the dash. Nickeled radiator and headlights. Four-wheel brakes. Even such improvements as the speed of sixty miles an hour, standard gear-shift, twenty to thirty miles on a gallon of gas, and hydraulic shock absorbers are valuable in their sales appeal more because they make the Ford like other cars than because they are intrinsically useful. The advertising and showmanship, too, are standard. We predict that the chief handicap of Model A will be the points at which it retains something of the old Ford individuality—the four-cylinder engine, the transverse springs, and the gasoline tank in front of the driver rather than hidden at the rear. But these things are not emphasized. At only one point has Ford boldly stuck to his guns—the low price. The irresistible pressure of public preference has so molded and trimmed him that he has now gone to the point of offering a car as much like others as possible—only for less money.

Part of this change is due, undoubtedly, to the old and flourishing desire of every American to be as good as every other—and, in present-day terms, this must be interpreted to mean, to have things as good. It does not suffice to own a car which supplies your needs; if you cannot afford the same make as Mr. Rockefeller and Mr. Morgan can, you must at least have one that looks as much like it as possible. There must be nothing to advertise your indigence. In so far as this is true, it will continue to handicap Mr. Ford—the new car is still identifiable as the least expensive. The shame of ownership will be modified, but not wiped out, by the appearance. Those who can—and they are many—will still procure more expensive makes as used cars or by instalments. If the salesmen can persuade owners of larger cars to buy Fords for their second or third machines, it may take some of the curse away; one can be seen in a Ford and still hope that passers-by will think there is a costlier car in his garage. The low price, however, remains a sign that swank has been sacrificed for utility. It was indeed a shrewd gesture for the head of General Motors to remark that his concern was not a competitor of Ford's, that it aimed at the higher-priced fields.

But social emulation is not, we believe, the strongest motive at work in the American public. There is also a genuine longing for esthetic release. Foreigners observe that we have little, or pay little attention to, indigenous art, that our mental and spiritual lives exhibit *en masse* an astounding poverty. Yet Americans are not a race in which the feeling for beauty, significance and self-expression has undergone an inexplicable eclipse. It merely comes out in other and more superficial ways. We have a childlike delight in machinery and contraptions. When some suppressed inner urge becomes too troublesome, we jump into an automobile and drive at breakneck speed over hard-surfaced roads. It matters not where we go—the country is all much alike. We cannot loiter and explore for the sake of solitude or nature's beauty. The important thing is how far we can get in a day or an hour. The important thing is how many miles we can make to the gallon. This is how we score our achievement. And we derive our inner satisfaction from a properly purring motor, the absence of rattle in the body, the easy flick of the gear lever, the appearance, feeling and sound of a well made car. The automobile is not primarily a utility. It is an end in itself, like any work of art. In the contemplation and use of it we lavish our national genius and our instinct for balance and perfection. This is what really explains why the whole population is watching Ford's new car with bated breath and sighs of satisfaction. It is a tribute to a tribal god, a masterpiece of a master craftsman. The sinner has been converted to religion, the image-

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breaker to beauty. Many who do not need it, who can afford something much better, will buy it just to share in the triumph.

Will it give lasting satisfaction? Ah—that is a different matter, one about which we do not trouble ourselves. We have organized no means of information concerning the wearing quality of cars, their relative dependability and cost of upkeep. We do not think of the still more profound difference between the joys of use and the joys of creation. What of the workers who make this toy, bound to monotony on the endless assembly line? What of the monotony of our own work, by which we accumulate the means for these brief pleasures? It is too difficult to think of such matters. Is it not enough to share vicariously in the creative triumphs of our Fords? Are they not our saviors? Our nervous, surface activity demands—and so far receives—more speed. When speed fails, there may be time to think.

## No Security without Justice

THE recent meeting of the Preparatory Commission on disarmament at Geneva, like its predecessors, accomplished little or nothing, but it would not be fair on that account to impeach the sincerity of the governments which participated in the gathering. They are tackling the most important and the most difficult of all problems of political organization. The Russian proposal for immediate and comprehensive reduction of armaments expressed a less sincere intention to disarm than the timid and gingerly approach toward the same result by the heavily armed capitalist governments. States which rely ultimately on force for the assertion of their domestic authority are handicapped in creating a society which can dispense with military force in the adjustment of their inter-state disputes. All modern states, including, obviously, the Soviet Republic, are incarnations of power politics. As such, they cannot completely disarm. What they can do is to inquire more honestly and suspiciously than they have done in the past into the importance of the alleged benefits or purposes for which they are arming. If the governments can, by agreement, limit or adjust the objects which they propose to accomplish by military force, they may gradually introduce a very substantial measure of disarmament. It is this problem which is now preoccupying the Preparatory Commission. It is trying to frame protective political agreements which will reduce by a very considerable percentage the number and the scope of the purposes for which they are preparing to fight.

Since governments tell peoples and peoples tell themselves that they arm chiefly for security, European statesmen are now trying to negotiate comprehensive political agreements which will introduce a guarantee of security into the public law of Europe. The proposed method is a compact for obligatory arbitration. Nations which sign the compact will submit all their disputes with other nations which also sign the compact to arbitration. The nation which refuses to arbitrate is to be outlawed as an aggressor, and is exposed to coercion by its associates. This is an heroic method, and, if modified, it may ultimately prevail and succeed, but at present it raises as many difficulties as it overcomes. If all the governments of continental Europe sign this agreement and then expect security to dawn and disarmament to follow with the rising sun, they will be disappointed. It provides for protection against future aggression, but it merely sanctifies the results of past aggression. Security is not at present compromised by the threat of systematic military ambition such as that which Louis XIV and Napoleon I flourished in Europe. It is the result far more of the popular restlessness and discontent which originates in frustrated but not unjustified national activities and interests. The attempt to set up a legal sanction for security, without providing in the same instrument for the consideration of those international grievances for which existing law provides no remedy, can hardly be a permanent success.

It is difficult enough, as any candid judge will admit, to reach just and satisfactory decisions, even when the court can call to its assistance an explicit body of law which is binding on both parties, and even when the defeated litigant cannot effectively protest. In the absence of such a body of law, and considering the difficulties in many cases of finding out what the facts are, and of enforcing decisions, compulsory arbitration is very far from being a trustworthy method of administering justice. Yet, in the long run, if the system was not equipped to purvey justice, it would not, in any effective sense, write security into public law. It is putting an excessive strain on the machinery of arbitration to demand of it satisfactory judgments upon disputes, unless the international litigants are willing to confer on the court something like an equity jurisdiction and to agree in advance upon certain matters of procedure and of governing principle.

The existing basis of public law is provided by treaties which embody some achieved agreement among diverse or conflicting national interests. In many instances, they represent the triumph of one group of national or local interests over another. This is conspicuously the case with the treaties which restored legal peace to Europe at the end of the War. They almost entirely ignored the interests and the susceptibilities of the defeated peoples; and they have bequeathed to Europe many causes of popular restlessness and discontent which foment international suspicion, hostility and agitation. It is these commotions and grievances which chiefly account for the prevailing sense of insecurity and the threat of future war. There have been several attempts to organize security in spite of them. The Covenant of the League of Nations was the first, but it assumed in its original form the coöperation

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of the United States in enforcing the treaties; and when the United States withdrew, it was powerless to allay the apprehension of insecurity. The non-aggression compacts of Locarno were the next attempt to exorcise the ghost of insecurity, but its early promise of increasing mutual confidence did not last. It did not result in any alleviation of grievances. The proposal for compulsory arbitration is the last attempt to write security into public law, but unfortunately, like its predecessors, it is a method not of dealing with the causes of discontent but of setting up a legal machinery which will prevent them from being assuaged either by law or by war. How can a straitjacket of this kind bring security to its guards and victims? It can only write the vicious old principle of woe to the vanquished more indelibly and integrally into the political constitution of Europe.

The statesmen who framed the treaties labored mightily to make the insecurity of their defeated enemies a matter of public contract and their own future safety unassailable both in law and fact. Yet it is these heavily armed and specially protected nations which are now most disquieted about the prospect of future eruptions. They are trying to add to their huge fund of exclusive security by asking their victims to choose between permanent resignation to insecurity or the legal renunciation of grievance. The old diplomacy and the new are proving to be happy bed-fellows. France has negotiated a series of protective alliances with Poland and the succession states, the chief object of which is to prevent the treaties from ever being seriously challenged, and it is this block of war beneficiaries plus some of the former European neutrals which are now planning at once to outlaw war in Europe and to erect the law which would be its legal substitute into a solemn and irresistible instrument of discrimination and permanent injustice. They are not succeeding very well, and we doubt whether they can succeed until they abandon the idea of monopolizing the advantages of security. They can hardly expect to effect disarmament in a Europe in which the ideas and interests of peoples who are armed are the only ideas and interests which receive serious consideration. They can hardly expect to assuage the grievances of Austria, Germany, Hungary and Bulgaria merely by adding Holland, Norway and other former neutrals to the coalition which is resolved to prevent the vanquished from asserting their right to equal and just treatment. If they would only supplement their demand for compulsory arbitration with genuine concessions in the way of evacuated territory, rectified frontiers and moderated indemnities, they would quickly discover what the broad and direct route to the association of disarmament is. It is by associating security with justice. The association is difficult enough to bring about, but it is less difficult than the present process of compensating for past injustices by surrounding them with conceivable forms of legal guarantee.

# Is There Any Maritime Law?

AFTER many years of silence, a few British naval experts and publicists are forcing on the attention of British public opinion the existing ambiguous situation of maritime law and its necessarily unsettling effect on the relation between their own country and the United States. Recently in the House of Lords, Admiral Lord Wemyss expressed frankly the demand of aggressive British navalism for the renunciation by his government of its formal adherence to the Declaration of Paris. Still more recently, Mr. Garvin and Lord Cecil have emphasized the danger of a collision with the United States which such a repudiation would involve, and suggested the much wiser course of a conference between the governments of the two countries in the hope of reaching some agreement about their past and present differences with respect to the rights of neutral trade on the high seas during war. Sooner or later, an international conference will have to be summoned to deal with this subject, and it ought to be sooner rather than later. In the expectation that the dispute will inevitably become a matter of public discussion, it is worth while to review the facts of this long submerged legal controversy between the British and American governments, as they might be presented to an international court by an American lawyer.

The difference involves, of course, the question of the respective rights of belligerents and neutrals in maritime war. The Declaration of Paris, by which the neutral flag protects all goods on board a ship except military (contraband) merchandise, and by which neutral goods, except contraband, under any flag are deemed free, is only a part of the legal system protecting neutrals against the undue encroachments of belligerents. The issue, although it underlay much of the difference between the two countries at the Geneva Conference, has been deliberately allowed to remain undiscussed in public. Not so among naval experts. The issue goes back to the violations of international law which the British navy perpetrated in the late War. Unless the issue is settled on the basis of agreement and law, it is likely some day to be settled on the basis of force. So long as Britain insists that it may act as it pleases as a belligerent, regardless of law, or that the rules of law governing the rights of neutrals are uncertain and vague, so that they may be interpreted at any given time as Britain chooses, there is only one policy left for the United States to pursue. All those nations, therefore, which do not yet concede either that there will be no more war or that every war must be a world war, and which believe that neutrals have the right to rely on law for the protection of their rights, have a vital interest in opposing the British claims to the unrestrained privilege of compelling neutrals to trade with Britain alone and as Britain may dictate.

International relations contemplate the possibil-

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ity of war. International law, through the development of centuries, has worked out a definite compromise between the two conflicting and irreconcilable claims of the belligerent to stop all trade with his enemies, and of the neutral to continue freely to trade with both belligerents. That compromise, like all adjustments, is founded not on logic but on agreement. Such agreement is the law governing their mutual relations, and it cannot legally be departed from by either party. It is built around the principle that the neutral may not furnish direct *military* aid to either belligerent, but that other trade is free. That principle underlies the rules governing the legal disability of neutrals to trade in contraband or to violate lawful blockades. Subject to these limitations, the neutral may freely trade with either or both belligerents in non-contraband goods and goods not destined for the military forces of the enemy state; and, of course, there never was any prohibition against trading with neutrals, though those neutrals, in turn, might possibly sell to belligerents.

Since the Armed Neutralities of 1780 and 1800, in which neutral nations first sought armed organized protection for their rights, steady progress had been made by international agreement in limiting belligerent claims to interfere with neutral rights, and in enabling neutrals to escape ruination from wars in which they had no part or interest. The Encyclopedia Britannica correctly remarked:

> Neutrality is the most progressive branch of modern international law. . . . The rapid changes it is undergoing are in fact bringing the state-system of the modern world nearer to the realization of the dream of many great writers and thinkers, of a community of nations just as much governed by legal methods as any community of civilized men.

To this desirable end the United States has, from the beginning of its history, made the most commendable contributions, forever identified with the names of Washington and Jefferson. These contributions arose from resistance to British encroachments on neutral rights in the wars of 1793, when Britain undertook to prevent American commerce from reaching France, on the ground that France was a peculiarly vicious nation, that the French government had taken over control of the food supply, and that the entire population was engaged in war. The inference was that all foodstuffs sent to France would thus have a military or combatant destination. That argument Jefferson unequivocally denied. He maintained that "reason and usage" had "established that, when two nations go to war, those who choose to live in peace retain their natural right to pursue their agriculture, manufactures and other ordinary vocations," and "to carry the produce of their industry, for exchange, to all nations, belligerent or neutral, as usual," subject to the restriction "of not furnishing to either party implements merely of war," commonly known as contraband, nor of carrying "anything whatever to a place blockaded."

When the British argument was repeated in 1916, with the substitution of Germany for France, President Wilson was prevented by his sympathy with the Allies from resisting it as strenuously and effectively as Jefferson had, one hundred years before. The nineteenth and twentieth centuries had been marked by a steady advance in restraining belligerent claims and giving neutrals an established legal status, much along Jeffersonian lines. The decisions of Lord Stowell in the early part of the century contributed greatly; the Declaration of Paris, the two Hague Conferences, and the confirmation of existing law embodied in the Declaration of London, mark a consistent progress of a century in the substitution of law for force in the relation between belligerents and neutrals. The idea that there will be no more neutrals, or that every war must be a world war, takes a great deal for granted. Nations may generally still prefer to mind their own business, and may be loath to accept the word of a predominant group of powers which condemns their opponent as an "aggressor."

The British government smashed, during the War, that elaborate structure of the law of neutrality which protected non-combatants against starvation, and protected neutrals in their right to trade in non-military goods even with belligerents. Goods destined to neutral ports were freely captured; all ships were compelled to stop in British or Allied ports; neutral countries were rationed; "measures of blockade" without the shadow of legality were enforced; the so-called doctrine of continuous voyage was abused beyond recognition; practically everything usable by a human being was made contraband; the important category of goods "conditionally contraband" was wiped out, and a newly created doctrine of "retaliation" on neutrals was invented, resulting finally in the abrogation of the elementary and time-honored distinction between combatants and non-combatants.

But the most alarming symptom had not yet appeared. With the end of the War, it might have been supposed that, as in the past, some effort would have to be made to restore the rule of law. Not so. Great Britain's entire diplomacy has been exerted to prevent any arbitration or judicial challenge of her behavior, and the Department of State in Washington, apparently unaware of what is involved in these questions, and notwithstanding the Arbitration Treaty with Great Britain, has concluded an Executive Agreement (May 19, 1927, Treaty Series 756) which practically abandons the American claims, and with them, international law. Unless Congress takes out of the hands of the officials of the Department of State and assigns to an independent commission, operating under the rules of international law, the distribution of the trifling amount of one and a half millions which Britain has permitted the United States to retain for the

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American claims, both international law and the rights of neutrals will have suffered a perhaps irretrievable set-back. The Executive Agreement contains a remarkable paragraph to the effect that the British government, in future, may adopt any position it sees fit and the United States may freely protest. Far from promoting peace and understanding, such a paragraph promises only misunderstanding and friction.

Having, in practice, disregarded the Declaration of Paris, the Hague Conventions and the Declaration of London, which, though unratified, largely embodied rules the validity of which had not been questioned, the British navalists are now seeking to create the impression that there either are no rules of international law governing the rights of neutrals, or that such rules may be interpreted as British interest requires. The argument has even persuaded an American writer to entitle a chapter of his book, "the so-called law of neutrality." Why Great Britain should formally denounce the Declaration of Paris is not clear; for, in practice, Britain has not hesitated to violate its well established rules. It may be inferred that Lord Wemyss spoke out of turn. But when it is realized that Britain's official policy of seeking to escape all legal fetters looks towards a retrogression to the ancient uncivilized principle of brute force in the conduct of international relations, and that British statesmen must necessarily, therefore, contemplate the natural position of their country as that of a belligerent with the cards stacked in advance in her favor, several matters of international polity become clear. It is evident that France and other countries which are liable to be starved out by a British blockade may be justified in building as many submarines and aeroplanes as possible. It is evident that the United States, whose natural position is that of a neutral, must, in order to rely upon the protection of law, be prepared to defend that law and American rights by force. It is evident that Britain, by insisting on a commerce-destroying navy much larger than that of any other power, is not merely interested in protecting her food supplies and trade routes, but is primarily concerned in subjecting other powers to her will, while at the same time seeking to deprive them of the legal right to object. It becomes evident why Britain declined to accept President Wilson's "point" on freedom of the seas. It is evident why the United States Navy desires a fleet at least as large as Great Britain's, though otherwise we have no need of such a navy. It is evident why the Naval Conference at Geneva was bound to break down. It is evident why disarmament in Europe can make no headway, for disarmament presupposes the reign of law, and not that of unrestrained force. When one nation insists on disregarding the time-honored rules of law, which are the sole protection for the weak and the law-abiding, the only way to meet the challenge is either by persuading the lawless to desist, or by resorting to organized force. The very existence of the League of Nations is imperilled by the present state of affairs.

We have stated the case against British policy with respect to the rules of the sea emphatically, not because we wholly agree with it, but in the hope of bringing out the importance of the controversy and its many ugly and dangerous complications. If, by any chance, the British government should follow the advice of Lord Wemyss and proclaim frankly that in time of war the British navy would consult British interests only in its censorship of neutral trade, a race for supremacy in the building of commerce-destroying and protecting cruisers between the United States and Great Britain would become inevitable. The British navy cannot expect to exercise an international function of this kind except after an agreement with other powers about the rules of its exercise. Yet the British navy practically occupies this position now, as the result of its policy during the War, and the result is undoubtedly to embarrass every attempt at disarmament both on land and sea. Moreover, the consequent insecurity of maritime commerce is, of course, more dangerous to the British commonwealth than to any other political body. The British need the kind of security for their maritime commerce which they can never obtain by their existing preponderance in cruisers or any practicable increase of it, and this kind of security they cannot obtain by claiming the right to dispose of neutral commerce during war as their own interests dictate. The recognition of such a right would merely encourage the American government to build more and better cruisers than Great Britain has built or can build. English security depends upon naval disarmament, rather than armament, and international agreement as to the rules of the sea, rather than the defiant assertion of the supremacy of interest over law. The British or the American government, or both, should call a conference to discuss the questions at issue, which would assemble before the naval conference of 1931. Otherwise the re-assembled Washington Conference is certain to repeat the fiasco of Geneva.

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# The Re-Discovery of America

## I: *The Last Days of Europe*

TWO traits are new in our America: we have become critical of ourselves; we are taking stock of our past. And a third trait is old: we remain careless and fearful of first principles. The vogue of Mr. Mencken and the Babbit-baiters reveals the one trait; the tonnage of "new" biographies, histories, outlines, claims to fulfill the second; the third is plain in the superficial stuffs that the first two traits give us. But our fresh interests, since they imply judgment, cannot be valid if they do not rise from a valid premise. Any conclusion, however logical and bright, is false save it be the fruit of sound first principles. In our day, such principles are lacking; they are not even sought for. Our most considered critics plume themselves on the fact that their judgments have no philosophy behind them. The independence of America from its past was once a needed gesture of adolescent will; it has become our excuse for gliding on the surface of events and moods.

A critical attitude may be as fatuous as the self-adulation it reacts from. The stomach sick of sugar may crave sour without becoming a wiser or a better stomach. The man who calls life a bad name, when he is tired of the pretty ones, is not suddenly intelligent. We may observe the antics of an iconoclast as we observe the antics of Al Jolson; because they fit our fancy—and we have other idols which they flatter. We may enjoy a derogatory life of Washington, quite as our fathers the saccharine myth of Pastor Weems, because both meet a complacent, contemporary mood. This is the case. Once Americans needed to worship heroes; the "critical" note was not respectable. Now, in our life of peripheral glitter and abysmal dark, we are afraid of heroes;[1] we deny nobility in our fathers lest it be a light on our own lack.

If our study be ourselves, if our self-criticism and our taking stock have truly a creative end, we are, in our complacent ignorance of causes, fondly looking for an immaculate conception. America is child and heir of all the pasts; specifically it is sprung from Europe. In every act we are the effect of the world which organically made us. To create our future is, clearly, to control it. Thus only may American life achieve the transfigurement of a veritable culture. The first step in this process—the one really human—is to master the principles of our past, to understand the governable elements of growth within us.

[1] The instinct for hero-worship of course remains. It bursts out hysterically in the "safe" adulation of a man like Lindbergh, whose gesture was entirely without adult connotations.

It is therefore practical, in interest of the American destiny, to cut back of America and to consider Europe: it is practical to make some definition of our values as Americans and as modern men. Such "remote" objects of the mind are alone pragmatic; discussions of immediate facts about us can be but gilded gossip unless they find their place within a basic attitude toward life. If America would win spiritual health, to say the obvious, it must grow whole; for wholeness and health are one. And wholeness is a principle of integration which all the detailed discourse in the world won't give us. . . .

Take Europe as an alive organic body. If you look for its "heart," for its "mind," for its "soul"—in another word, if you look for the source of its energy and spirit, you come upon the Sea whose shores were Egypt, Judæa, Athens, Rome. The Mediterranean was the womb of Europe. In this fertile water was formed the universe, the God, the mind, the Law, the State, the science and the man of the West. To make an antithesis of the Mediterranean parts is as confusing as to dissociate the organs of a body. How could Hellene and Jew have married as they did in Alexandria, how have begotten the Christian world, if their individualities had not been functions of a generic whole? Where in Saint Paul does Palestine end and Rome begin? The synthesis of the Patrists embraces Semite, Greek and Berber. The old legend that Aristotle visited Jeremiah is, of course, no fact, but is as true as the fact that Pythagoras and Æschylus were adepts of Egyptian mysteries, and that Plato had studied the wisdom of Hermes Trismegistus. The Mediterranean became one spirit, and its body was Western Europe.

Consider these general convictions:

1. Man lives in a universe of which his earth is the heart. The universe revolves around him.
2. Man is lord of all creatures. He is an independent creation. Above him are only the gods and God himself.
3. Man's reason is absolutely true; faith can be placed in it. Or—
4. Man's faith is reasonable; is indeed inspired by contact with divinity.
5. Man can know what is good and what is evil.
6. Practice of good makes for blessedness and life; it is wisdom. The contrary practice leads to death and damnation.
7. Reason and faith reveal divinity.
8. Divinity is good and is one, and is concerned in man's well-being.
9. Man's conception of the natural world, while

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not complete, is fundamentally correct. This is so because (take your choice)—

a. The senses give us reality.
b. Reason corrects the senses, giving us reality.
c. God, wisdom, faith, supplement and correct senses and reason, giving us reality.

10. We know what matter is, even if we cannot create it.

11. We know what thought is as separate from matter.

12. The law of cause and effect, on which rest logic and science of all kinds, is absolute.

13. Time and Space are real; they are independent of our minds; we are within them, rather than they within us.

14. Human individuality—call it soul, spirit, ego—exists, not relatively, but really in Time and Space.

. . . Here are blocks that made the House—organs that made the conceptual Body—of Western Europe. Surety they were, and substance, of the experience of western man. Of course, there were differences of opinion about one and another. Jew, Ionian, Alexandrian, medieval schoolman, had variant ways of defining all these laws: some were stressed where others were ignored or bravely denied. But differences were not fundamental, were not racial; were not, in the absurd Spenglerian sense, "cultural" at all. Plato and Aristotle disagreed about substance and God, and both were Greeks. Pharisee and Sadducee fought about virtue and damnation and were yet Jews. One man of Oxford might have agreed with one Roman more wholly than the Roman with his brother. By and large, these laws established the spiritual anatomy of Europe. Within them men lived and died, and created beauty and found truth: men before Isaiah, men after Shakespeare. . . .

Consider these laws in the light of modern thought: you will find that every one of them is gone. They were the foundation blocks of our House; they have vanished. We cannot dwell on the process of their disappearance; for that process is largely the history of modern times. Copernicus, Galileo, Kepler wrecked our comfortable cosmos. Lamarck, Goethe, Darwin worked at our biological dethronement. The sure structure of our faith and reason, wherein resided our certainties of the true, the beautiful and the good, had been already challenged by the smothered heresy of Duns Scotus, who declared the will as independent of the intellect. Now came Kant, Berkeley, Hume, Hegel, Schopenhauer, Freud to make havoc of the whole considerate construction of our ethics and logic—of man's ability to know and power to judge. The physical universe began to crumble. Euclid proved less able to explain the world's behavior than such fantastic geometers as Lobachevski, Gauss, Monkowski. Matter dissolved. The atom became a *congeries* of mere movement. "The stable foundations," says Dr. Whitehead, "of physics have broken up; the old foundations of scientific thought are becoming unintelligible. Time, Space, Material, Ether, Electricity, Mechanism, Organism, Configuration, Structure, Pattern, Function . . . all require re-interpretation."

The Law of cause and effect, body of the logic of our lives, followed in the abyss. European man, bereft of revelation, fell back on the science of sense; bereft of that, he fell back, for surety, on self. Now the surety of self was taken from him. If Time and Space might be configurations of his thinking, cause and effect became mere relative sequence, and the thought which found all things within this Time and Space was turned destructively upon itself. The great Body of western experience broke down; and we were hurled into the modern chaos.

You can gauge the state of Europe's cultural decomposition, by contrasting it with the Body wherein Dante dwelt. Everything there had its place, moved with purposive rhythm into the Whole. From God to priest, from Emperor to serf, from Heaven to Hell, from star to atom, from good to evil, all was integral. This was a world, moreover, in which Dante lived together with his cook. This Whole is gone. But organic death does not mean inanition. Look at any corpse advanced in its decay, and see how live it is. Europe swarms in its death.

The man of science might "prove" the death of a body in several ways. He might analyze metabolism, blood or lymph, and come to the same result as if he simply said: "The heart has stopped." "There is no longer breathing." Indeed, from each individual cell, still living, were he wise enough, he might configure the whole death. The method here has been purposely abstract, since abstraction is short-cutting. The essence of a living body is an "I"; it is articulate in self-interested action, and possibly in words. The "I" of Europe fades. It no longer acts, no longer speaks, no longer possesses unitary concepts.

Study the disintegration of religion. Observe the withdrawal in the "Renaissance" of the arts from science, and of the artist from the world. Note how the mind of Europe, which once had a language—Latin—now mumbles in disparate accents; how nation stands shut against nation, class against class, clique against clique, and person against person. Radio, telegraph, "movie," like the palavers of diplomacy and trade, are noises emitted by special social appetites or cells: they are no Word: whatever Word remains they render less accessible than ever.

The modern age has indeed been one of frantic efforts to reclaim this dimming and dissolving Whole. Nationalism replaced the passionate ideal of brotherhood in Christ. The internationalism of Karl Marx strove to knit one class across frontiers and, since the hierarchic order was no longer valid, to make a heaven of homogeneous classlessness. Perhaps the clearest token of this break-up is the

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separation of the Church and the State. This separation has become an arrogant ideal, whereas it should be the confession of man's failure. If Church and State mean anything at all, their divorce is that of spirit and body, of thought and deed. To make of this a social goal is to crown chaos. Religion and politics must form a whole, if either is to be a part of health. The peace that is gained by disestablishing their union is the peace of death.

Europe glories in this euthanasia. It goes farther: it divorces actual from formal government; subtly in such lands as France, graciously in Great Britain, crudely in Italy and Spain. Spirit goes one way, mind goes another, body goes a third. Spirit is disembodied; body is lightless. . . . Pick out your own proof of the death in Europe. . . .

The life of western man as an organic Body reaches fullness in what we call the Middle Ages. With rigorous selection, the thought and form of the Mediterranean world is here made integral of a Whole which each man shares. Aristotle, Plato, Plotinus, the Prophets, the Patrists, the knights, the monks, are men who builded it—and all men live it. Pope Gregory VII, who declared Rome's unitary lordship, makes for it a heart. Aquinas gives it logic and a mind. Dante and Wolfram[1] and Petrarch sing its ultimate song. Its flaws are fatal, and we shall understand them when we consider what it meant by Knowledge and by action. But its splendor is immortal; for it is the first conscious attempt of occidental man to create with all the man and with all men an embodied spiritual Whole.

Its symbol is the Mediterranean Sea which mothered it: the sunlit, bounded, middle water. Now, at its height, it begins to die. And the symbol of its death is the Atlantic.

In no true sense was America discovered by Columbus. He, Vasco da Gama, and the explorers who followed, touched shores that were margins of far countries. They *discovered* the Ocean. The Way found by Columbus is the antithesis of the Latin Sea: it is uncharted, it leads to limitless lands. Its unboundedness is the symbol of that old symbol's passing.

Men's thoughts and dreams had bridged the Mediterranean. For ages, east and west, south and north, the littorals had mingled. Europe came of this. Now, parabola-wise, men's dreams move to the Ocean and Europe begins to die. The conquest of world power, by arms and science; the political crumbling of the Catholic State; the religious vagrancies that follow Luther—all the modern shift in value and in power, are traits of Europe's dislocation. And they are traits, as well, of the new Way—the Atlantic.

A body breaks. Potent but no more intact, its energy flows outward. In wholeness, it had been contingent upon God alone: the Gothic spires had expressed it, a universe turned upward. It becomes a multiverse turned horizontal. For it is breaking. Europe bleeds sea-ward, into terrestrial unknowns.

And the old Mediterranean dies. Into the Atlantic flows its death: the new search of man, the new earth-wise boundlessness.

Beyond the symbolic Ocean there will be found a land, misnamed at first, misjudged, not yet revealed: America.

WALDO FRANK.

# Lady, Save Those Mineral Salts!

WHITE-COATED, efficient, glib, the demonstrator for the Club Aluminum Utensil Company, makers of "heavy molded aluminum cooking utensils which enable housewives to prepare food without loss of food elements" was entertaining fifteen Washington citizens at dinner.

The price of the dinner was our presence in the kitchen of one of the group while the meal was being cooked, and our close attention to Mr. Jackson as he moved among his pots and pans, demonstrating the alleged superiority of his brand of kitchen utensils (price $192.20 for the complete set) over any other brand now in use. Later we were to have a forty-minute talk by the chief selling agent. We were also expected to give a polite reception to an agent who would call at each of our homes the next day to take orders. (If you don't care for the entire set, madam, we can give you the essential pieces for $166.75, or three saucepans for $19.)

While we dined at the expense of the Club Aluminum Company, thousands of other persons in cities from coast to coast were being similarly entertained. The company, organized in Illinois in 1923, has found that the advertising method of free demonstration meals pays well. Witness its financial report in an October number of the Commercial and Financial Chronicle: "Net profits of the company for the current fiscal year will probably reach $1,500,000 after charges and taxes, according to President William A. Burnette. Mr. Burnette estimates that for the quarter ending September 30, 1927, a gain of 70 percent over the corresponding quarter of 1926 will be reported. This gain follows a gain of 90 percent in the company's sales for 1926 over sales for 1925, which in turn reported a 386 percent gain over 1924." This advertising method is also probably responsible for the fact that Club Aluminum is about six times as expensive as other utensils of aluminum, enamel, or some composition.

Makers of Club Aluminum, and dozens of

[1] The author of "Parzifal."

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competing manufacturers of expensive kitchen equipment, are combining psychology and super-salesmanship in a drive on American housewives, upsetting family budgets, but netting the manufacturers millions in profits. They have found women encouragingly open to the argument that by using a particular brand of cooking utensils they can improve the health of their families. The arguments are backed up by much pseudo-scientific talk of conservation of soluble mineral salts, vitamins and what not, usually a badly warped version of the latest findings of home economics experts. Unless the housewife remembers her high-school and college chemistry and is acquainted with recent scientific research on food preparation, she accepts the extravagant claims at face value, discards her old cooking utensils in which she could accomplish the same results, with reasonable care, and spends on costly equipment money which she would do better to spend on good food.

The nation-wide selling campaign of the Club Aluminum Company of Chicago, probably the most successful of these drives, is a typical example of the misstatements of scientific facts, the exaggerated claims, made by many manufacturers.

As Mr. Jackson bustled around the stove discussing conservation of mineral salts and vitamins by "waterless" cooking in extra-heavy aluminum, some of us recalled how aluminum was introduced over twenty years ago. Boys worked their way through college by selling combination egg poachers, steamers and custard pans in vacation time. They spread their wares out on the floor of the Main Street front porch or living-room, and the housewife, buying it because it was light weight and easy to clean, added considerably to the fortunes of Mr. Andrew Mellon. There was no talk of mineral salts. Now she is being told that she must discard her ordinary aluminum utensils, just as she discarded copper or enamel ones, and stock her kitchen with Club Aluminum, because it is extra-heavy and has virtues inherent in no other brand.

Mr. Jackson's salesmanship, as he demonstrated how to cook a complete dinner in Club Aluminum, was superb, but a trifle misleading as to facts.

He held out a closed kettle. He invited us to sniff, and defied us to tell from the odor what was cooking inside. There was no odor. Carrots are odorless no matter what they are cooked in, so I guessed carrots.

"Good guess," said Mr. Jackson brightly. "But I'll wager you can't smell them. Vegetables cooked in Club Aluminum without water never have any smell. Anything can be cooked without water in these utensils, except possibly rice and coffee. [Note: Call Mr. Jackson's attention to a recent study by J. Simpson and E. G. Halliday of the University of Chicago on the necessity for using water in cooking cabbage, cauliflower and the group of vegetables containing sulphur compounds.]

"Just think, ladies and gentlemen," continued Mr. Jack[illegible] growing enthusiasm, "of the soluble minera[illegible] essential to health, which you have been throw[illegible] the kitchen sink, because you cooked vegetables in ordinary utensils which required added water. Is it any wonder that your children have pale cheeks, that your own teeth decay and your hair falls out, that thousands of our young men were rejected in the draft as physically unfit, when you consider the mineral salts that have been thrown down American sinks!

"Now remember, ladies and gentlemen, these carrots are going to taste better than any carrots you have ever eaten. That is because they are cooked without water. This is made possible by the use of our heavy aluminum utensils, from which none of the steam carrying these valuable mineral salts can escape."

The idea of mineral salts escaping in steam was vaguely disturbing, but being, as it were, a guest, I could not call Mr. Jackson's attention to a statement remembered from a well known textbook on general chemistry by McPherson and Henderson, or similar statements in any elementary chemistry textbook, that "the mineral matter present in the original water, being non-volatile, remains in the container in which the water is being boiled." It would also have been ungracious to remind him that the up-to-date housewife saves the water in which vegetables have been cooked to use in soups or gravies, and so conserves those mineral salts with whose loss Mr. Jackson was so concerned; or that the Bureau of Home Economics of the Department of Agriculture has developed a method of panning vegetables in an ordinary utensil by which they can be cooked with little or no added water.

By the time we sat down to eat the dinner cooked in Club Aluminum, we had been told so many times that the carrots and potatoes would have "an entirely different flavor" that we were convinced it was so.

Came then Mr. Gettam, rotund and rosy from eating food cooked in Club Aluminum, to give his talk on the superiority of his merchandise and further pseudo-scientific explanations of how we would endanger our health by failing to invest in a complete set.

Mr. Gettam was the super-salesman. He wanted America to have better, healthier, happier citizens, rosy-cheeked kiddies; all, all a result of waterless cooking in Club Aluminum. The name of the company, he said, came from its motto, "Come, Let Us Build."

His first point was indeed telling.

"Ladies and gentlemen, food cooked in Club Aluminum needs no stirring. Why, I have gone into kitchens where I found the kitchen spoon literally half ground away by incessant stirring. *Think* what that means! You have fed half of that spoon to your family in their daily food!"

His second point was that Club Aluminum is the only make containing no copper and thus "no dan-

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gerous chemical compounds are formed with foods."

My grandmother's kitchen was stocked almost entirely with shining copper. As I remember, her family was in good health. Grandmother knew nothing about "balanced rations" or vitamins, but she served an ample variety of food three times a day. She threw away a few mineral salts, but the family thrived, proving the statements of experts in the Bureau of Home Economics and many home economics workers in educational institutions that a varied ration will preserve health in a normal, healthy person, even though a few soluble mineral salts are wasted.

Testimonials aplenty had Mr. Gettam for the alleged superior virtues of his product. The most touching one was from a wealthy banker, who had come to him with tears in his eyes to report that happiness and romance had been restored in his family since he stocked his kitchen with a complete set of Club Aluminum. Previously, it seemed, his wife had become a nervous wreck trying to keep servants in the kitchen. Club Aluminum was installed; the distracted wife then found cooking such a simple matter that she promptly dismissed cook and kitchen maids, and prepared all the meals herself. Happiness and tranquillity are now in that home.

The prize exhibit was a set of charts displayed by Mr. Gettam. These contained some truly amazing statements. Mr. Gettam is a salesman, not a scientist, and, fortunately for him, there were no scientists in our group. Chart 6 listed sixteen "vital" elements alleged to have specific effects upon the human system, and "usually thrown away in the ordinary method of cooking, but preserved by the use of Club Aluminum." Here are a few of them:

> Oxygen—aids respiratory tract.
> Hydrogen—guards against T. B.
> Fluorine and nitrogen—beautify skin and hair.
> Phosphorus and manganese—nerve tonics.
> Carbon—needed for active brain, active liver, supple muscles.
> Chlorine and magnesium—flush the system, prevent toxemia.

Of the minerals listed on Mr. Gettam's chart, only four—iron, iodine, calcium and phosphorus—have been shown by scientific research to influence specific bodily processes, and only four of the sixteen "elements" named need concern the housewife in her choice and preparation of food. Dr. Mary Swartz Rose of Columbia University, in her book on "The Foundations of Nutrition," says on this subject:

> Practically we shall find that if the requirements for calcium, phosphorus, and iron (in some regions, iodine) are definitely met, there is little likelihood of other mineral elements being inadequately furnished, since the foods which supply the former will at the same time provide many of the latter.

Mr. Gettam, glancing at the husbands who had accompanied wives to the free demonstration dinner, admitted that the initial cost of Club Aluminum utensils might seem a trifle high at first glance, but assured them that it would soon be offset by resulting savings. In fact, a set paid actual dividends on the original investment.

The savings were indicated on Chart 3: $12 a year on gas, $7.50 a year on coffee, $5.20 a year on cooking fats, $20.80 a year on meat ("no shrinkage") as absolute minimum amounts. One guest rudely suggested that the saving on meats was entirely possible: judging from the scientifically cooked lamb served at the dinner, the family would eat less of it.

Dozens of sets of this costly aluminum are being sold each week in Washington alone. It is a fad for society people to give "aluminum luncheons" at the expense of the Club Aluminum Company, and so successful has this expensive advertising method been that other companies are adopting it. The chief ambition of the Club Aluminum Company now is to install a set of its utensils in the White House. Mr. Gettam, making preliminary arrangements for our demonstration dinner, confided that any lady who gained him a hearing by Mrs. Coolidge would receive a handsome premium. Looking over his price list, I warned him that he had better keep it out of Mr. Coolidge's sight.

There are, of course, certain arguments for Club Aluminum, as there are for all the other varieties of modern kitchen equipment now on the market. It is said to last a lifetime, and is so heavy that one set ought to serve the second and third generations. It saves gas. But the extravagant claims advanced by its promoters, the contention that "waterless" cooking, now advocated for certain meats and vegetables, can be used in preparing a wide variety of foods and can be done successfully only in Club Aluminum, are flatly contradictory to the latest findings of food experts. Katherine A. Fisher, of New York, director of a large experimental food-preparation laboratory, recently declared that experiments with every weight of utensil now available had proved that only spinach, carrots, and potatoes in their jackets can be cooked without added water, and that perfect cooking with a minimum of water to prevent burning can be done "in almost any good utensil."

The Bureau of Home Economics of the Department of Agriculture emphasized the value of cooking without added water, or in a minimum amount, in a recent statement on vegetable cookery, summing up experiments in its own laboratories. It declared, however:

> Newer devices are being put on the market which will accomplish this result. Most of them are accompanied by directions which would seem to indicate that the results can be obtained only in these special devices. In most cases similar results may be obtained by the use of equipment already in most kitchens

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. . . oven cooking accomplishes the same result as the more expensive pieces of equipment.

Housewives all over the country are sending letters to Dr. Louise Stanley, Chief of the Bureau, asking anxiously about the effect of certain kinds of utensils on healthfulness of food, agitatedly inquiring what foods contain fluorine, silicon, and other minerals listed on Chart 6 of the Club Aluminum Company. One of these women, torn between the desire to give her family the alleged advantages of food cooked in Club Aluminum and horror at its exorbitant price and the equally exorbitant prices of many new "scientific cookery" devices, recently received a letter from Dr. Stanley which sums up the argument against needless expenditures:

> Our recent bulletins [Dr. Stanley wrote] emphasize a well balanced diet made up of five groups of foods. Some of these should be served raw and some cooked in a variety of ways. So long as this is done, the kind of cooking utensil used, provided it is in good condition and properly used, is not going to have any marked effect on health.
>
> As scientific research goes on it will, of course, be possible to make more and more definite statements about the influence of various types of cooking utensils on food values. At present, however, comparatively little research has been done on this question and there is no foundation for many of the claims made by salesmen of certain utensils, either for their own products or against those manufactured by rival concerns. In short, you need have no fear about injury to health from the use of cooking utensils ordinarily found in the American kitchen today, provided you eat a well balanced diet.

The conclusion of home economics experts, then, after careful tests, is that there is nothing you can do in a heavy aluminum saucepan of the Club Aluminum type, price $8.50, that you cannot do with reasonable precautions in utensils found in the average kitchen, many of them bought at bargain sales for $1.48.

But—it pays to advertise![1]

CATHERINE HACKETT.

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[1] Note: How well it has paid the Club Aluminum Utensil Company is shown in its reports in July and October numbers of the Commercial and Financial Chronicle, as follows:

EARNINGS—YEARS ENDED JUNE 30.

| | Gross Sales | Net Profits After Taxes | Earnings per share on 265,000 shares |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1925.. .. .. | $1,133,177 | $128,648 | $ .48 |
| 1926.. .. .. | 2,893,280 | 393,443 | 1.48 |
| 1927*. .. .. | 5,512,720 | 800,357 | 3.02 |

(*June, 1927, estimated by management of company.)

Mr. Burnette, president of the company, estimates that on the basis of sales for the current year, earnings will equal $5.50 a share on the outstanding 265,000 shares of stock, quite a handsome increase from the $.48 per share in 1925. It is also stated that "in view of the rapid increase in earnings, declaration of an extra dividend is expected in some quarters."

The Club Aluminum Utensil Company, which now has factories in Chicago and Baltimore, was organized in Illinois in 1923 with an original capital of $10,000, which was later increased to $25,000. On May 31, 1927, it had total current assets of $1,726,058, with current liabilities of $218,503, leaving a net working capital of $1,507,554, as compared with a net working capital of $495,330 on June 30, 1926.

# Moody and Sankey

THE suggestive combination of Moody and Sankey was first heard by me when, as a small boy, I was given a bunch of tickets, of various attractive colors, to leave in couples at the houses of our neighbors. They admitted persons to different parts of the tabernacle which had been erected for the meetings which were being held by the great revivalists in Boston; and distinctions had to be observed—two green on the floor for the Mocks; two yellow in the balcony for the Nawns (Roman Catholics); two red on the stage for the Hunts. But wherever the seats were, the cards of admission were accepted as gratefully as tickets to a world series ball game would be today. My father was, I suppose, on the committee of distribution; at any rate, his constant supply of tickets gave our family a prestige in the neighborhood to which our strict morals and evangelical habits had not hitherto entitled us. I easily gathered that religion had become popular; the practice of family prayers, which previously I had had to defend as a harmless peculiarity, took on justification, since it was obviously connected with admission on favorable terms to a place where everyone wanted to go. Of course, all this, as I realized later, was the result of Moody's expert salesmanship. Salvation was free—yes, but he somehow got the crowd going as if the supply were limited, and the sign Standing Room Only might at any moment be replaced by the refrain, "Too Late! Too Late! Ye cannot enter now."

It was something of a humiliation to me that I was not allowed to occupy one of the places in the tabernacle. I was too young to be converted; my presence was superfluous—indeed, it deprived some more adult sinner of the opportunity to be saved. But one afternoon a ticket was returned; I was fetched out of school, and, clothed as for the Lord's day, I was taken to the sacred place. Unfortunately my memory here becomes confused with later impressions of Moody and Sankey. I am not sure whether it is from this occasion that I remember the short, stocky man with no neck and graying beard who talked racily about the woman who had lost the piece of silver—quite as good a piece of drama as "Gammer Gurton's Needle"—or the tall, stout, bald man with burnsides who sang so pathetically about:

> The Ninety and Nine that safely lay
> In the shelter of the fold;
> But one was out on the hills away,
> Far away from the gates of gold.

But I can recall perfectly as of this occasion the sense of horror of a young Bostonian when the short fat man announced: "Prayer will be offered by the Reverend Philip Brook."

Mr. Gamaliel Bradford, whose recent book ("D. L. Moody, A Worker in Souls." New York, Doran) brings these famous personalities once more before us, does not appeal to me as an ideal biographer of Moody. Gallio would not have been the best biographer of St. Paul. Mr. Bradford holds closely to his method of character study, presenting Moody as a convert, a believer, a preacher, a revivalist, a man, a man of business and a worker in souls. He leaves one with a sense that he is struggling to do

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justice to a subject alien to his own thought. "In all the loud hurly-burly not one need stands out more patent than the need of God," exclaims Mr. Bradford in opening his exposition. But surely Mr. Bradford does not mean the anthropomorphic deity of the Hebrew scriptures whom Moody adored. Mr. Bradford "is almost tempted to say that if Moody's God had been half so clever as Moody, we should be living in a better world." It must be admitted that the theological scheme of creation, original sin, and atonement which Moody preached was truly characterized by Arnold under the fable of the three Lord Shaftesburys. The story of his preaching it to hundreds of thousands is a wonderful tale, but Mr. Bradford shies away from it. He does not dramatize Moody's career. He does not deal with Moody as a man of his time, one of the phenomena of *fin de siècle* America. He quotes the eulogies of Moody's coadjutors, Reverend Lyman Abbott, Reverend R. A. Torrey, Henry Drummond, but otherwise his narrative is undocumented. He mentions Moody's influence with financial powers, but gives no specific instance of his relations with his supporters. But this suppression of background is involved in Mr. Bradford's conception of biography. He is at his best in discovering Moody's methods of reaching and healing individual souls. He compares him with such great doctors of the spirit as Fénélon and St. Francis de Sales, and he certainly makes a place for Moody beside them. But Moody's power in this respect was due to rare human qualities, not unlike theirs, and the faith which set all of them free was a belief in the impossible. How Moody's self-deception became a source of power over others, how he was in himself the salvation which he ascribed to divine intervention, is the enthralling mystery—but it is a mystery of frequent recurrence in human affairs, and does not seem to require all the elaboration which Mr. Bradford gives to it.

The revival campaigns of Moody and Sankey were in legitimate succession to those of Whitefield in the eighteenth century, and Finney in the nineteenth. Moody came at a fortunate time. The core of Protestant belief was still intact. Moody could plead with passionate belief the love of God as evinced by the sacrifice of Christ on the cross, and back up this appeal by a picture of His wrath, with hell flaming in the background. It was an eminently personal God which Moody preached, one who could be reached by prayer and was constantly busy answering it. The masses to whom Moody spoke were still simple believers in this simple creed. And religious observance still had a large place in our lives; the sabbath had not been captured by baseball, movies, golf, the automobile and sabbath journalism. Moody realized the importance of defending the holy day for his God, and was the inveterate foe of these claim jumpers. A generation later, rationalism and agnosticism had sapped the belief in supernatural religion, and exciting worldly interests had forced the evangelist into such sensational fanaticism as Billy Sunday's. But at the moment when the last gleams of evangelical faith were falling upon men's faces, and its promises were still balm to their hearts, Moody appeared as the most skillful user of these powers for the healing of souls.

Undoubtedly, in their day, Moody and Sankey's methods seemed sensational enough. It was Moody's aim to make religion exciting. He has been compared to Barnum in his use of publicity. A truer comparison is to President W. R. Harper. The two men were not unlike in physical structure, in energy, in persistence. Moody's faith in salvation by acceptance of Christ was equalled by Harper's faith in salvation by education. Both were inventors, constantly devising more alluring methods of presenting, in one case, the spiritual, in the other, the intellectual life. Both relied on publicity. Both, with supreme confidence born of faith, went before the leaders of their time, men to whom things of the spirit and of the mind were utterly foreign, and converted them or won their support. The power of both was in this naïve directness of approach. If Moody were riding in a train, he would turn to the man next to him and ask simply: "Are you a Christian?" and follow it up with the equivalents of later persuasive slogans: "If not, why not?" and "Eventually, why not now?" Harper once talked to the miscellaneous audience of a club car about the instant necessity of excavating the ruins of Baalbek so movingly that there was not a dry eye in the car—or a checkbook unimpaired.

An enormous influence tending to spread and perpetuate the spirit of Moody's revival was the Gospel Hymns. Everybody knew them. My own first childish intimation that something unusual was on in Boston was hearing my uncle, who was known in the family to be a man of pleasure, singing

> Hallelujah, 'tis done.
> I believe on the Son—
> I'm saved by the blood of the Crucified One,

as casually as he might have sung "Over the Garden Wall." The first collection of Gospel Hymns, Number I, contained certain crude but popular songs such as "Pull for the Shore, Sailor," and "Only an Armor Bearer," and "I am so Glad that Jesus Loves Me." The succeeding volumes were of higher quality, Mr. Sankey's naïve talent having been reënforced by others. "Hold the Fort" was in Gospel Hymns Number II, and "Dare to be a Daniel." Also "Whiter than Snow," with its skeptical inquiry, "What, whiter than snow?" sung in a tone of extreme incredulity and followed by a terrific shout of assurance. "Yes, Wash me and I shall be whiter than snow."

The effect of the Hymns was to put a sort of jazz into religion. They divided popular favor with Gilbert and Sullivan, and temporarily got away with the larger share. Among juveniles the successive volumes vied in interest with the annual appearance of the Chatterbox. They speeded up Sunday School. Some of the later hymns contained skillful psychological appeals to conversion, none more powerful than one by Rev. A. J. Gordon with its haunting refrain:

> O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

The songs also added to that cheerfulness and humor which Mr. Bradford notes as a quality of Moody and his associates. I have sat with a hundred Sunday School workers on our way to a convention on Martha's Vineyard, when the steamer broke down and we sang "Shall we anchor in the harbor," with the zest that even the holiest feel in getting a little fun out of sacred things.

It is significant that Moody's great evangelistic cam-

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paigns occupied only a fraction of his life. The first revival in Great Britain occurred in the years 1873-5; followed by the revival in America, 1875-7. In 1879 he established Northfield Seminary, and two years later, Mount Hermon School, in his native village. There, with one prolonged absence on his second mission to Great Britain, he lived more and more continuously until his death in 1899. He was something of a *grand seigneur* in the village, its leading citizen and the source of its prosperity. Real estate values increased. Power was put into definite form to be passed on to his sons. Students flocked to the schools. Patrons and donors came to visit. More and more, Moody replaced his itinerant revivalism by organized conferences. He wanted to make Northfield a kind of Geneva of the evangelical faith. It did become a summer resort of note, a sort of spiritual spa, a religious Chautauqua. A hotel was built with excellent accommodations. There was some fear lest the hotel personnel should prove to be a source of temptation in the pious village, and there was a sigh of relief when it was announced that the manager of the new hotel was a good Christian man. I remember his amazement and indignation, however, when he found that he was expected to run a first-class hotel without a bar. He never drank, himself, any more than Mr. Moody did, but a bar in a hotel was a matter of professional pride and business principle. Never would he run a "temperance hotel."

The chief conference at Northfield was one for college students in the early summer, an institution which has been since extended widely. With thirty or forty men from Yale, and smaller numbers from Harvard, Brown, Dartmouth and other colleges, a rivalry in college spirit was transferred from the athletic field to the prayer meeting. There was a brisk inquiry as to likely prospects of conversion. How is it with Black? How is Green coming along? Brown is looking very serious. The most distinguished undergraduate of his day undoubtedly was A. Alonzo Stagg, pitcher of the Yale nine and left end on the eleven. When Stagg went to Northfield, the Christian life went to a new high among college activities. It is interesting to note that both Moody and Harper knew how to employ Stagg's fame and prowess in support of causes quite remote from college athletics.

I fear that I have betrayed my readers, perhaps Mr. Gamaliel Bradford among them, with false hopes. I cannot, after all, supplement his record with the personal and dramatic quality which, as I have said, I feel that it lacks. I went to Northfield and had a wonderful time, but I didn't hear or see much of Moody. He had already grown somewhat aloof, very much the great man. It was almost as if I had secured an audience with the Pope when I was told that Mr. Moody would receive me. He did—briefly. I had only time to confirm the impression I had gained from his appearance on the platform, of size and shape and color, of intense energy and burning zeal and penetrating sagacity and great good humor. I had expected the famous question "Are you a Christian?" and I had modestly formulated a demurrer which I meant to plead, a few exceptions which I intended to file. I fear that Mr. Moody took too much for granted on that occasion. "A chip of the old block," was all that Moody said to me.

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

# Fantastic Comedies

*The Doctor's Dilemma, by George Bernard Shaw. The Guild Theater, October 21, 1927.*

*2 x 2 = 5, by Gustav Wied. Translated by Ernest Boyd and Halger Koppel. Civic Repertory Theater, October 28, 1927.*

THE force that drives Mr. Shaw's prefaces is, after all, not that of reason or philosophy, but intuition and emotion. His great gift is that of the artist who must record his sense that what he thinks and feels must be true and that other people must be driven to a like persuasion. There are those who might fear that such an observation would offend Mr. Shaw. But I think he knows it already, and that, anyhow, he will not mind very much so long as you call the gift great.

Stirred by this impulse toward carrying his point, for that is what it amounts to, Mr. Shaw will sacrifice reason, if necessary, fair play and art itself. He will exaggerate, contradict himself, cheat a little for his game, distort a scene, prolong a play beyond its inherent and plausible length, anything to win. On the surface, he is often mentally dishonest; he runs in specious joints, specious argument, he hurries past a weak spot in his chain of reasoning. But underneath he is honest and sincere; he feels what he feels, his conviction is genuine and propulsive; and for it he is quite as willing to cheat himself as to cheat the argument. But where the artist in general will use sensuous appeal, poetic images, engaging tone and color, Mr. Shaw uses dialectic. He is a debater. The strength and weakness of his method are those of the debate method. His excitement is that of temperament and creative egotism.

And so it may be said that Mr. Shaw's writings have changed the permanent beliefs of very few people, and that he has contributed little to the store of ideas. But that he has done much to agitate ideas is another matter. In all his debates on every subject, marriage, sex, war, vivisection, society and the rest, his one continuous impulse and lasting conviction is the necessity for keeping all social and intellectual standards and forms in the balance; for testing them, turning them over, deciding afresh as to their truth and value for each one of us. To this agitation he has brought all the powers and delights of his mind, his observation, wit and lively theatrical sense.

These Shaw prefaces we no longer read for their ideas or contentions; nor can they be said to have taken a very strong place in our opinions. In fact, we are not apt to read them any more at all. But if we do pick them up and dip into them, we find ourselves still carried along by their directness in style, their agility, their fervor and acrobatics, their organization and brilliant contagion. We read them for the personality behind them and for the art.

The controversy around medical doctrine and practice, inoculation and so on, that "The Doctor's Dilemma" is arranged to exhibit, has, therefore, not much influence over us, though it may rouse simple souls to review their ideas about doctors and human frailty. But it is still alive with the Shavian powers, and we can listen to it with great entertainment. When the dramatist, however,

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insists on sticking his argument into us by prolonging the play almost a whole act beyond its due conclusion, holds us there largely to rub the point in and to bring home to us by sheer duration of time the seriousness of the discussion, we know that he is sacrificing his dramatic art to the ardor of his instinct and cause. We see, among other things he has tilted against, the age-worn maxim that art is long, life short; and observe that, however eager and agile, the tilt is disastrous—the nature of a work of art is implicit in it, as crystallization in a crystal; he can do what he wills with his creation, but only at its own expense.

From all these elements arises that interesting effect to be observed as "The Doctor's Dilemma" acts itself out at the Guild Theater: there is the sense of two plays, one that of the people on the stage and their lives together, the other a cerebral farce, high-spirited, underscored, exaggerated, running along with its gymnastics, its willful passions, its slapping methods, with the author as its hero, clown and dreamer. If this were not true, and we were not thus able to take the play as in its own way genuine and *bona fide,* we should never be able to forgive that shuffling and twisting of human feelings that goes on, that death scene with its curious tragic emotion and buffoonery so close together, that tampering with deep matter for such varicolored ends. Even as it is, I am not sure that the dramatist himself quite knows the degree of pity and truth that some of the moments imply if well acted; I am not sure of the amount of pleasure I can take in seeing how on the stage the controversial egotism of the author appears suddenly in places where the human depths aroused are not so merely incidental to a lively debate. I console myself by remembering that from just such combinations the characteristic quality of the play derives, and a most enjoyable characteristic quality, and let it go at that.

The Theater Guild production goes a long way toward confirming the Guild's assumption of a real acting company. I doubt if anywhere else in town so even an excellence could be maintained in the casting and the performance. Mr. Dudley Digges' directing is smooth and exact, never false, full of the right sort of vivacity; and to the sum of it he contributes his own portrayal of the doctor of the old school, a fine, touching, minutely considered piece of work.

Miss Lynn Fontanne, as Jennifer Dubedat, plays better than I have ever seen her in any role not comic in its values. Emotionally she furnishes precisely the right foil for the fantastic verity of Louis Dubedat, both as the dramatist wrote him and as Mr. Lunt plays him. And this creation of Mr. Alfred Lunt's is a brilliant one, not only for the rightness of plane in which he gets the whole placed, but in what is very rare among our male players, the study of costume and make-up to the last telling effect. He contrives to give quite luminous values to the speeches and scenes of this character, so distinguished and important in his own region, such a blackguard in regions foreign to him, and he contrives an appearance, the pinched, loose, drawn clothes, the white make-up, the hair, that is a wonder of skill.

Mr. Baliol Holloway, splendidly remembered for his performance of Iago to Mr. Hampden's Othello, takes the part of the doctor whose dilemma of love and professional ethics strings the plot along. He plays intelligently and sincerely enough, but the prose realism of his role leaves him somewhat incomplete and uneasy. Mr. Ernest Cossart's Sir Ralph Bloomfield Bonnington, the Royal physician, was excellent; Mr. Henry Travers, Dr. Blenkinsop, the unprosperous, homely doctor, was as good technically as anything I have seen him do, and went farther in depth and pathos. You would have to see Mr. Morris Carnovsky's performance as the Jewish doctor to know why, though conscientious enough, it falls out of the acting frame. Mr. Philip Leigh, as the newspaper man present at the death scene, has a piece of very raw writing to contend with; the only way out would be to play it with more wit and more joy in its rough malice.

Of the Danish classic at the Civic Repertory Theater I can only say that any retelling would be false to its entertaining fantasy and point; that it is much to the credit of the theater to have produced it; that Mr. Boris Aronson's decor is a witty success; and that the acting in general is only fairly good, with the exception of Mr. Paul Leyssac, whose old government official is in the style that would be right for the whole play, and is very ironic and delightful.

STARK YOUNG.

# Washington Notes

GETTING away, for the time being, from presidential candidates and presidential politics (on the ground that so much will be written on those subjects here in the next six months that it is a relief not to do it for once) it may not be uninteresting to note that, with the Seventieth Session of Congress just a day or so old, one or two things can be forecast about it with reasonable certainty.

One of these is that, regardless of the earnest recommendation of the saintly Andrew, supported by the noble Calvin, and buttressed by that prize aggregation of super-Babbits, the Chamber of Commerce of the United States, the federal estate-tax will not be repealed. This is an easy and safe prediction. It is safe, not particularly because Speaker Longworth declared himself against it in an unwonted and unprecedented burst of irregularity, but because the measure was completely dead before that. When the intrepid Speaker kicked the repeal proposal in the face, it was lying flat on its back and had not breathed for some days. It had been badly trampled by the heavy hob-nailed boots of the Hon. Garner, and other members of the Ways and Means Committee, pounded by sundry Senators from the West and rabbit-punched by Congressmen of every complexion.

The situation is worth reciting, not as news but because it is significant of a change in the attitude of the daily press that is extremely interesting to me. Here are Democrats and Republicans alike, taking one of Mr. Mellon's pet ideas and bashing it around until it has no more shape or vigor than a rag doll—and not a single newspaper screams in pain! Last session and the two sessions before that, if anyone dared differ with a taxation proposal emanating from the Treasury and marked with the Mellon

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brand, the great metropolitan dailies, Republican, Democratic and independent, literally buried him under abuse and the syndicate press foamed with fury. The poor old Democrats were bullied and browbeaten last year and the year before that into accepting the so-called Mellon bills. They abandoned their own taxation ideas and principles and acquiesced in a program of taxation reduction formulated in the New York banks, based on the perfectly charming theory that if the tax burdens of the 284 gentlemen who have incomes above a million a year are lightened, the millions of people who pay no taxes at all will have more work and better pay.

In view of the general sanctification of Mr. Mellon by the press, it seems to me that the indifference of the bulk of the press to the contemptuous treatment of his federal estate-tax plan, which is also tenderly cherished by the New York bankers and the 284 high-bracket lads heretofore mentioned, is a striking change, to say the least. Strange, too, is the attitude of the Chamber of Commerce, which reached the conclusion some time ago that Mr. Mellon does not know what he is talking about when he says $225,000,000 is the safety limit for the tax cut, and that $400,000,000 is the least that can be stood for. When you consider how this Chamber of Commerce and all kindred associations have regarded Mr. Mellon in the past, to have it burst forth in raucous disagreement with the "greatest Secretary of the Treasury since Alexander Hamilton," taking direct issue, moreover, with the great Coolidge himself, certainly deserves public attention and comment by the press. Yet—and this makes it the more interesting and significant—there has been practically none at all. I have looked in vain for scalding editorials denouncing the Chamber. Even the splendidly loyal and devoted Curtis press has not grown excited over what would have seemed sacrilege a year ago.

I ask myself, What does it mean? Has Mr. Mellon begun to slip? And if so, whose fault is it? Certainly not that of the Hon. Ogden L. Mills. While I am not what would rightly be termed an ardent admirer of Mr. Mills, who seems to me at times to be slightly too full of himself, I certainly regard him as an improvement over the Hon. Garrard Winston, who used to make those Treasury guesses about the surplus, so miraculously wide of the mark. Under Mr. Mills, it seems to me, Mr. Mellon has been more sure-footed than under Mr. Mills' predecessor. His statements have been more restrained; his controversies with college professors on the subject of the foreign debts have been conducted with complete success, the college professors being hurled back on their haunches, rebuked and repressed.

Yet here we are, at the threshold of the session, seeing Mr. Mellon's pet projects tossed into the waste basket, the solemn recommendations made up for him by Mr. Mills not only disregarded but disregarded without any earthquakes in the press. What does it mean? Can it be that the gloss is wearing off? Has the Mellon infallibility been discarded or forgotten? And if that is true of Mr. Mellon, will it not be followed by a dissolution of the absurd, fictitious picture of Mr. Coolidge, so carefully built up in the business world for five years? Who can tell?

Three years ago, I felt sure the general journalistic and banking worship of Mr. Coolidge, due primarily to the reverence inspired by Mr. Mellon, could not last. But it did last, and long ago I gave up any notion that this worship could be shaken. I expected it would last clear to the end of the Coolidge regime, and that both Mr. Mellon and Mr. Coolidge would go out of office with their haloes still on their heads. Now, I am not so sure. From certain loose, hot language heard around the Capitol, since the Seventieth Session started, I begin to fear that before the session is over there will not be half a halo between them.

Washington. T. R. B.

# The Road to Moscow

THE train waits an hour at midnight on the drizzling edge of Poland. From now on, everything is going to be different. The German train crews and yard hands were fathers of families; the Poles who are hitting our wheels with hammers are scarcely freshmen. The name of the station is Stentsch.

As we lurch forward into the night, my friend the C. P. R. agent unfastens a suitcase full of children's clothes, gifts from Canada to Ukrainians in Poland. He now lives in Winnipeg. He tells me that Mackenzie King's grandfather was shot as a rebel by the British. He tells me that Canada does not want Polish, Rumanian or Jewish immigrants. Once, when he was hunting in the north, his partner killed a bear by ramming a fist down his throat. While in Paris he bought what I at first understood to be "gowns for his missus," but turned out to be guns for moose.

Warsaw in the mild morning air. Leisurely tracks open to the blue sky. Cars, made in Milan, marked Zemgale and other queer destinations. Trig officers in imaginative uniforms. A news-stand full of books with Polish titles and French type. An American wants me to help her locate the train for Cracow, where she is going to visit relatives.

We steam off into the great plain, flat and fenceless, which begins almost immediately, and whose fuzz of timid adolescent birch trees stretches ahead of us for two thousand miles. Actually, from these dirty sleeping-car windows, we can see no farther than we could in France or Germany, but there is so little here to catch the eye that this horizon of uncertain green seems sad and limitless and immensely far away. The roads in this landscape do not bisect it, as they would elsewhere, but trespass and wander over it half-heartedly; the villages are windowless accidents upon its face, cattle sink into it like insects, men are pitifully few and small; even the clouds, sailing southeast in cottony convoys, seem alien to it and change it only as much as dim shadows can change vague fields.

Toward evening the villages become rarer, the browned birches crowd up on either side of the track in gloomy, mangy regiments. The long train, with its cars from Ostend, Paris, Berlin, Warsaw, makes deliberate stops beside straggling towns. Heavy-footed peasants stand and stare, little Jewish girls in high heels and gay dresses

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walk up and down the platform, giggling. Between the ragged towns lie long blankets of fields, their edges patches of sand. We are entering that great belt between Poland and Russia which for centuries has been good for very little besides war. From 1914 to 1917 the lines wavered back and forth across it, and hundreds of thousands of peasant families were transported eastward, to Siberia and the Volga, most of them never to return. We pass desolate soldiers' graveyards, clogged with bushes, their anonymous crosses leaning at neglected angles. Here a crumbling pile of brick, there naked concrete foundations, later abandoned, railway embankments, stripped of their tracks, bear witness to the three years' fighting. There was not much in this part of the world for guns to destroy except the earth, which has healed, and wood, which burns, and men, who are buried or go away. On the edge of a marshy stream a heron is standing on one leg.

"What a dead country," says a Russian, mournfully looking out of the window. "The chimneys don't smoke, there are hundreds of cars doing nothing on sidings. But perhaps Russia will also seem lifeless again when I have crossed the border." Soon there is only blackness to see from the window, and he leans back in his corner. I go on reading the Moscow newspapers. Trotsky is a traitor. Trotsky has been playing with the counter-revolutionary bourgeois intelligentsia. "All this Trotsky business is very interesting," I remark. "I haven't been following it," from the Russian. Perhaps he hasn't. Perhaps he isn't interested in a party squabble. Perhaps he is keenly interested, but doesn't care to talk about family affairs with a stranger. I don't know.

The border isn't far away. First comes the Polish station, Stolpce, then an hour in a sort of no man's land, then the Russian, Niegoreloye. The Polish officials are beginning to look at our passports. Here comes a magnificent officer in a festive costume with silver and medals and varnished boots. He is immediately followed by a shabby little soldier who salutes timidly and mutters something about "cigarettes." We fumble for them, but that isn't what he wants, so we empty what we have left of small copper and silver *groschen* into his eager, respectful hand. And he is immediately followed by the sleeping-car conductor, who informs us that he receives no wages, so won't we please give him something.

An hour more in the darkness. That malady of international travelers, the pre-customs stage-fright, slowly seizes us, and we discuss regulations. The Union of Socialist Soviet Republics allows one to import, among other things, provisions, two pairs of goloshes, one cake of soap. "Books and manuscripts are examined at the frontier, and if necessary sent to the censor."

Suddenly a new face is at the door of our compartment, smiling, politely saluting. A long brown overcoat covers him from his neck to the ground. On his military cap is a large, reassuring red star. "Passports, please." We are at the gateway of the great experiment. In ten minutes the train-load of tired passengers crowd into a long frame shack, followed by their luggage borne on the backs of the Brotherhood of White Russian Porters in long aprons. On the walls are appeals to subscribe to the national industrialization loan, typewritten tariff schedules, a picture of Lenin. The customs guards stand about, in their flowing-skirted overcoats. Their faces seem carved from some impassive red-brown wood. An immigrant is stamping on a huge wicker trunk, trying to force the lid down over a white mound of family linen. In a small booth a cashier is changing dollars, marks, *zloty*, into rubles and *chervontsy*. He calculates the amounts with amazing swiftness on an old-fashioned abacus. I am told that I have too much luggage, but it doesn't seem to matter.

The Russian railways have two classes, "hard" and "soft." As I walk toward my soft carriage, I pass the "hard" class, with the heels of sleeping-boots shoved up against the darkened windows.

In the morning we are in the country beyond Smolensk. Breakfast is being served in the dining-car to the rear. The comrade waiter brings me tea, eggs, long slices of damp khaki bread. On the plates are stamped "International Sleeping Car Company," and also, "Proletarians of the world, unite." A very heavy, prosperous figure with gold rings on his fingers is at the next table. Farther down are two men whom I guess to be members of the Party on official mission. They have an appearance at once nonchalant and ascetic, they stare with calm amusement at the other passengers, and seem to have some mild secret in common.

On either side, fields, divided into interminable narrow strips, roll away. Herds of cattle of all sizes graze without fences or visible shepherd.

Half or more of the green-brown landscape is a waste of young straggling woods, the other half is striped with ploughing. The weathered thatches of the village huts come down nearly to the ground, and I can hardly see any windows. Unspeakably muddy roads, or rather trails, curve along and split up, at some marshy spot, into half-a-dozen meandering detours.

At a station, red soldiers and officers stand on the platform, like strange dolls, for beneath the long flaring coat skirts their feet are not visible until they begin to move. One sees immovable, stolid healthy faces, and among them a face or two queerly sensitive, lit up from within, which one would give much to be able to talk to. Over a rusty pump a sign reads, "Unboiled water—do not drink." Farther on a shack is labelled "School for Railway Employees."

Three little girls and an old man are selling apples in baskets. A soldier silently examines the apples, while the girls chatter their price. The soldier buys from the girls. The old man, whose feet are wrapped in long strips of cloth, looks after him like a wistful dog, wants him to buy, seems about to protest, but remains puzzled, sad and silent.

On the left a great granite eagle stands on a wet hill. The Battle of Borodino. Fifty miles to Moscow.

Eight miles to Moscow. Two miles to Moscow. There are no suburbs. A sprawl of wooden houses, the flash of gold church cupolas, and again the fields in narrow strips. Suddenly the tracks diverge, with cars scattered over them; low sheds appear, and signals. The train slows down beside a deserted platform. A small man with a pointed beard comes up and says, tentatively, "Savoy Hotel?"

This is Moscow.

ROBERT LITTELL.

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# A New York Diary

THERE is an honest grossness about the new "Artists and Models" which in these hypocritical times is somewhat appealing. "Rabelaisian" will not fit; that is too big a word, but the word "French" (with due regard for its derivation) will describe at least three of the skits in this show. They are both salacious and comic, whereas by local standards these qualities, when found in combination, are disapproved. Again, the production strikes a heavy blow at the national tradition of which Mr. Earl Carroll was the special guardian: the folk-belief that the female form is walking Art. As the showgirls stalk in for one memorable number, it transpires that the sumptuous raiment of each is in some critical respect deficient; here a bare flank, there a tummy, there a pinkly palpitant backside, are exposed to the kisses of the atmosphere and the guffaws of the visiting buyers. This is an affront to American womanhood; let us have more of them. The show in general is strong on comedy, and in a strong way, and Florence Moore, of course, is a powerful asset to such a show. Jack Osterman, on the whole, is another, the pretty Marietta O'Brien has the idea, the pretty three-hundred-pounder Margie Evans makes every ounce count; among the principals only Jack Pearl, a German comedian who needs better lines, becomes actively tiresome. Some of the scenes and nearly all the painted backdrops in "Artists and Models" are distinguished. Any remarkable dancing is confined to the chorus and two astounding male tap-dancers, King and King.

The score is debited to Harry Akst and Maurie Rubens, and collectors of atrocities are notified that for the sake of a cheap song called (if memory serves) "Bracelets," soiled hands have been laid upon the "Fifth Nocturne" of Chopin. From the musical standpoint the evening is saved by the late appearance of Ted Lewis' orchestra, which, for those who ask no apologies from jazz, is about the best of its kind. Among other things it plays (as it played for a Columbia record) Lewis' version of the "St. Louis Blues," the most interesting jazz arrangement since Grofe's of the "Rhapsody in Blue." "Artists and Models" drags for considerable stretches, but lowbrow and tired highbrow will join forces to buy it out.

It is a misfortune for Miss Mae West that she did not make a name for herself in Paris. Her fame in New York is due entirely to her traffic in plays (which she writes and in which she appears) like "Sex," "The Drag," and "The Wicked Age," the first two being generally considered as the cause of the new censorship. What no one seems to have noticed is her amazing technique, both in writing and in acting. "The Wicked Age," recently defunct, is utterly trivial; its pointlessness rises at times to the exquisite heights of dada, its plotlessness approaches Chekhov. It contains a satirical picture of a bathing-beauty-contest winner signing testimonials, which is ferocious and funny, and a gin party which, in spite of preposterous details, is somehow a gin party and not a stage gin party. Above all, there is the most economical stage technique now visible in Miss West's own acting. Her voice is toneless most of the time; she rarely moves a muscle; she repeats the last remark of another character and by the faintest inflection either makes it repartee or carries along the conversation. All of these things and the vulgarity of the surroundings are exactly what we should have raved over if we could have discovered them abroad: sublime commonness, supreme naïve technique and all the rest of it. It is, at the moment, almost impossible to sit through the dullness of her play; it is, on the other hand, entirely impossible to leave the theater while her startling and fascinating figure remains on the stage.

The growing sentimentality of the New York newspapers is positively disquieting—to newspaper men, at any rate. In an effort to make news colorful, human-interest stories are being treated with an overpowering sentimentality. The worst offender is the Telegram, in the Scripps-Howard tradition, which features a story charged with emotional fine writing at the bottom of page one so frequently that it is almost an institution. Robert Garland, on the editorial page, sometimes treats a story the same way, but, after all, that is editorial-page stuff, as appropriate as Frank Sullivan's comic news reports were on the World before he became a columnist.

The World is letting itself go at a great rate, too. The lead of a story runs from, "Bang! Bang! Bang! And three more redskins (say gangsters) bit the dust" to "On a dusky road near the city of N— Y—, in the year 19—, a weary traveler (say straphanger) might have been seen. . . ." The death of Little Augie the gangster was a signal for such romps in nearly all the papers, and when big stories do not lend themselves to this method, little ones about dogs, cats, and lost babies are lifted to prominence with pictures. It is rather silly journalism, and surely a concession to the tabloids; and I have noticed that it has already led to a strange latitude in reportorial language. A witness at a recent murder trial was described as "ignorant and ugly"; the unfortunate Mr. Kidwell who expected a car a block long for being a good yes-and-no man was tried in the news columns on his appearance and his record. If this goes on, there will presently be room in New York for a nice dull paper with the old-fashioned idea of presenting the news.

As practitioners of a profession, engineers are almost completely anesthetized. With the exception of the few powerful minds that conceive a great work of engineering which is also a work of art, engineers have no sense whatever of the effect upon eye and mind that their works produce: the disorderly factory districts, the gawky iron bridges which are the characteristic products of the engineer's mind are not offset by an occasional bridge like the Hell Gate Bridge or a reservoir like that at Kensico. Architects, even when they do not succeed in achieving beauty, at least try to; whereas engineers, if they sometimes fail to achieve ugliness, feel themselves under no particular obligations to avoid it. In this anesthetized profession, the road engineer and the army engineer do not stand out as exceptions; alas! quite the contrary; their blindness is invincible. Some day the sins of these unamiable and obtuse gentlemen will be fully catalogued; and when the time comes, I trust that the army engineers' complete

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and highly successful demolition of High Bridge will not pass unnoticed. It happened to be one of the finest stone bridges in the East; we had worried along with it for more than two generations without losing our share of the commerce and industry of the continent; but the army engineers discovered that it was an obstruction to the traffic of the Harlem River; and, in the interests of our handicapped commerce and navigation, they decided to improve it. Above the protests of a few intelligent people, including, if I remember rightly, the New York Chapter of the American Institute of Architects, they have carried through their work of demolition. I trust they will not stop at this point. There is an even finer bridge, the Brooklyn Bridge, which is also an obstruction to navigation: battleships must lower their aerial masts when they pass under it! Something bigger and better should be put in its place; the army engineers will, doubtless, know how and what. In improving the watercourses of New York for navigation and defense, they are capable of doing everything that a triumphant enemy might do in a mood of malignant destruction.

The death of Walter Fuller a little while ago recalled to my mind all he had done to make the Freeman, in the first two years of its existence, a paper with a flavor and an individuality. He himself wrote scarcely at all; but that only made him the better editor, for he threw himself into the work of his contributors with a double zeal, tempering their sharpness, combing out their matted thoughts, removing the edges of boorishness, adding a whimsical turn of humor to the most matter-of-fact work, until suddenly—lo! it had the stamp of the Freeman; the humor, the grace, the urbanity that it claimed for its own. Mr. Nock himself set the tone for the paper; it was Walter Fuller's role, in the formative period, to catch the essence of Mr. Nock better than anyone else could do, and to stand as a buffer between Mr. Nock and the less practised contributors, until they, too, had become animated with it. How well do I remember Fuller's quick outstretched hand, his bright nervous eye, his puckish moments of inspiration. English by birth, a Mancunian by education, he was at home in neither England nor America: when here, he remembered the bright red cottages, the neat hedges and the lush parks of England; when in England he remembered the openness of American manners and the informal ease of American friendships: in each country, he had a little too much of the opposite one's qualities not to be a little "out of it." A valuable part of the Freeman died, for me, when Walter Fuller left it in 1922 to return to England; a man like Fuller, so cordial, so enthusiastic, so tender and loyal, had a value to the paper out of all proportion to the calculable work that he did; and such people—there are none too many of them—have a similar value in the world. One cannot place one's hand on what Walter Fuller *did;* but one cherishes deeply all that he was; and one knows that deeds and achievements scatter like dust, whilst such a life leaves a permanent trace on every person that it has touched.

The curious name "Yamekraw," which may have puzzled readers of one of the poems in James Weldon Johnson's "God's Trombones," belongs to the Negro settlement in Savannah. It has just bobbed up again, as the title of an equally curious "Negro Rhapsody" by an insufficiently known colored composer of popular songs. The latter's compatriot and publisher, Perry Bradford, shall have the first word here on the subject of this musical outburst:

> We are announcing the latest work or opus of the renowned jazz pianist, James P. Johnson. This artist has endeavored to assemble all of the rhythmical phrases that deal strictly with necrology and with no spared efforts we have tried to compile the same in twenty-six pages. The treatise chants spiritualistically, also embraces the common rhythms known as blues, spirituals and jazz, then modulates to its destiny, and many sequences are to be found uncommon to the popular type of music. . . . We may boast of this as a wholly American theme.

Unless the passage beginning at page eight represents t movement of rubber-tired hearses, diligent search of M. Johnson's opus uncovers nothing dealing with necrology; but with this exception Mr. Bradford talks gospel. "It is not," he continues, "a Rhapsody in Blue, but a Rhapsody in Black and White. (Black Notes on White Paper.) We hope it will meet with your approval." It does. What its writer has done has been to take a few themes, and so skillfully to juggle about and disguise them in the numberless intuitive rhythms of his race, that they have come to compose something approaching a Yamekranian anthology. Although the themes are melodically his own, these rhythmical figures go back to the Charleston, back to "The Alabama Blues," to "The Maple Leaf Rag," to "Under the Bamboo Tree," the pat-dance "Sail Away Ladies," the spiritual called "Who Is Dat Yondah," in Miss Jessye's collection, to the corn-songs, the "ballets," and back to the war dance; and as one after another melts into the next, we come to realize sharply that they are all of one fabric. Moreover, these blues are blues, and chirpy and mean ones; the "spiritualistic" portions are graceful and melancholy; the jazz is hot; the sardonic solo passages, torturing the flat seventh in their leaps and convolutions, are in character, as are the triple grace notes, the descending tenths and the bounding octaves in the bass; and it is not the composition's least achievement that, except for the prefatory gesture toward Gershwin, it ignores the existence of the white race. It asks for no ponderous judgment that it has reconciled jazz with the Muse. It might have written its motto in the poet's words:

> You can keep your attics, take the roof or the air if you choose,
> But my highest aspiration is the basement blues.

In short, it is interesting, and it is genuine. It is available at present only for the piano, and at the speed with which its composer takes it, it calls for galloping fingers. Fletcher Henderson should orchestrate it, deposit Mr. Johnson at a twenty-foot concert grand all clustered about with saxophones, and show the white folks what a thoroughly aroused town named Yamekraw can say for itself.

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(The writer learned after the above was written that "Yamekraw" has now been arranged by the colored composer William G. Still for the Don Voorhees orchestra, which will very shortly both broadcast it, and record it for the Columbia Phonograph Company.)

# The Sportsman's Tragedy

THE reputation of Ernest Hemingway has, in a very short time, reached such proportions that it has already become fashionable to disparage him. Yet it seems to me that he has received in America very little intelligent criticism. I find Lee Wilson Dodd, for example, in the Saturday Review of Literature, with his usual gentle trepidation in the presence of contemporary life, deciding with a sigh of relief that, after all, Ernest Hemingway (a young man who has published only three books) is not Shakespeare or Tolstoy; and describing Hemingway's subjects as follows: "The people he observes with fascinated fixation and then makes live before us are . . . all very much alike: bull-fighters, bruisers, touts, gunmen, professional soldiers, prostitutes, hard drinkers, dope fiends. . . . For what they may or may not be intellectually, esthetically or morally worth, he makes his facts ours." In the Nation, Joseph Wood Krutch, whose review is more sympathetic than Mr. Dodd's, describes Hemingway as follows: "Spiritually the distinguishing mark of Mr. Hemingway's work is a weariness too great to be aware of anything but sensations. . . . Mr. Hemingway tells us, both by his choice of subject and by the method which he employs, that life is an affair of mean tragedies. . . . In his hands the subject matter of literature becomes sordid little catastrophes in the lives of very vulgar people." I do not know whether these reviewers of "Men without Women" (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons) have never read Hemingway's other two books, or whether they have simply forgotten them. Do the stories in "In Our Time" and in "The Sun Also Rises" actually answer to these descriptions? Does "Men without Women" answer to them? The hero of "In Our Time," who appears in one or two stories in the new volume, and the hero of "The Sun Also Rises," are both highly civilized persons of rather complex temperament and extreme sensibility. In what way can they be said to be "very vulgar people"? And can the adventures of even the old bull-fighter in "The Undefeated" be called a "sordid little catastrophe"?

One of the stories in "Men without Women" also appeared in The American Caravan, and was thus twice exposed to the reviewers; yet in all the reviews I have read of both volumes I cannot remember one which seemed to me to give an accurate account of it. It has almost invariably been mentioned, briefly, as a simple tale of horror or a tale of brutality, or something of the sort. Let us examine this story a moment. Two young men have been skiing in the Alps: it is spring and the sun is terrically strong; but in the shade, the sweat freezes in their lerclothes. They have begun to find it oppressive and are l to get down to an inn. On their way, they have ed a burial, and at the inn they hear the story of the an who is dead. She was the wife of a peasant and during the winter, but the husband was snowbound and could not bring her out till spring. The peasant put the body in the wood-shed, laying it on a pile of wood; but when he had to use the wood, he stood the corpse up in a corner, and got into the habit of hanging the lantern in its mouth. Why, we ask ourselves for a moment, have we been told about the skiing expedition? Then, immediately, we realize that Hemingway, with his masterly relevance in apparent indirection, has, in the oppression felt by the tourists, supplied us with the explanation of the brutalization of the peasant. This brutalization by itself is not, however, the theme of the story. We do not see the point till the end. The peasant will not drink at the inn, where he has come immediately after the burial, but goes on to a neighboring one. "'He didn't want to drink with me,' said the sexton. 'He didn't want to drink with me, after he knew about his wife,' said the innkeeper." Similarly, "A Pursuit Race" is, as Mr. Dodd would say, a story about a dope-fiend; but what is more interesting and important, it is also about a man who has just lost a desperately prolonged moral struggle, and it derives its whole significance from the last paragraph, in which the manager of the burlesque show, understanding what has happened and pitying his recreant advance man, refrains from waking him. So in "A Simple Inquiry," in which we are shown that strange demoralization of army life which is scarcely distinguishable from stoicism, the value of the incident lies entirely in the fact that the major refrains from dismissing the boy.

It would appear, then, that Hemingway's world was not quite so devoid of interest as it has been represented by Mr. Krutch and Mr. Dodd. Even when he deals with rudimentary types—as he by no means always does—his drama usually turns on some principle of courage, of honor, of pity—in short, of sportsmanship in its largest human sense—which he discovers in them. I do not say that the world which Hemingway depicts is not a bad world; it is a bad world and a world where much is suffered. Hemingway's feelings about this world, his criticism of what goes on in it, are, for all his misleadingly simple and matter-of-fact style, rather subtle and complex; but he has, it seems to me, made it sufficiently plain what sort of emotions and ideas he intends to communicate. His first book was called "In Our Time," and it was made up of a series of brief and brutal sketches of barbarous happenings mostly connected with the War, alternated with a series of short stories about a sensitive and healthy boy in the American northwest. We were, I take it, to contrast these two series. When Hemingway gave them this title, he meant to tell us that life was barbarous, even in our civilized age; and that the man who sees the cabinet ministers shot and who finds himself potting at the Germans from the "perfectly priceless barricade" has had to come a long way from the boy who, with the fresh senses of youth, so much enjoyed the three days' fishing trip at Big Two-Hearted River. Yet has he really come so far? Is not the very principle of life essentially ruthless and cruel? What is the difference between the gusto of the soldier all on edge to hunt his fellow humans and the gusto of the young fisherman hooking grasshoppers to catch trout? Hemingway is primarily preoccupied with these problems of suffering and cruelty.

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The barbarity of the world since the War is also the theme of Hemingway's next bock, "The Sun Also Rises." By his title and by the quotations which he prefixes to this book, he makes it plain what moral judgment we are to pass on the events he describes: "You are all a lost generation." What gives the book its profound unity and its disquieting effectiveness is the intimate relation established between the Spanish fiesta with its processions, its revelry and its bull-fighting and the atrocious behavior of the group of Americans and English who have come down from Paris to enjoy it. In the heartlessness of these people in their treatment of one another, do we not find the same principle at work as in the pagan orgy of the festival? Is not the brutal persecution of the Jew as much a natural casualty of a barbarous world as the fate of the man who is accidentally gored by the bull on the way to the bull-ring? The whole interest of "The Sun Also Rises" lies in the attempts of the hero and the heroine to disengage themselves from this world, or rather to arrive at some method of living in it honorably. The real story is the story of their attempts to do this—attempts by which, in such a world, they are always bound to lose in everything except honor. I do not agree, as has sometimes been said, that the behavior of the people in "The Sun Also Rises" is typical of only a small and special class of American and English expatriates. I believe that it is more or less typical of certain phases of the whole western world today; and the title "In Our Time" would have applied to it with as much appropriateness as to its predecessor.

Hemingway's attitude, however, toward the cruelties and treacheries he describes is quite different from anything else which one remembers in a similar connection. He has nothing of the generous indignation of the romantics: he does not, like Byron, bid the stones of the prisoner's cell "appeal from tyranny to God"; nor, like Shelley, bid the winds to "wail for the world's wrong." Nor has he even that grim and repressed, but still generous, still passionate feeling which we find in the pessimist-realists—in Hardy's "Tess," in Maupassant's "Boule de Suif," even in those infrequent scenes of Flaubert where we are made to boil at the spectacle of an old farm servant or of a young silk-weaver's daughter at the mercy of the bourgeoisie. In his treatment of the War, for example, Hemingway is as far as possible from Barbusse or from John Dos Passos. His point of view, his state of mind, is a curious one, and one typical of the time—he seems so broken in to the agonies of humanity, and, though even against his will, so impassively resigned to them, that his only protest is, as it were, the grin and the oath of the sportsman who loses the game. Furthermore, we are not always quite sure on which side Hemingway is betting. We are sometimes afflicted by the suspicion that what we are witnessing is a set-up, with the manager backing the barbarian. Yet, to speak of Hemingway in these terms is really to misrepresent him. He is not a moralist staging a melodrama, but an artist presenting a situation of which the moral values are complex. Hemingway thoroughly enjoys bull-fighting, as he enjoys skiing, racing and prize-fights; and he is unremittingly conscious of the fact that, from the point of view of life as a sport, all that seems to him most painful is somehow closely bound up with what seems to him most enjoyable. The peculiar conflicts of feeling which arise in a temperament of this kind are the subject of his fiction. His most remarkable effects, effects unlike anything else one remembers, are those, as in the fishing trip in "The Sun Also Rises," where we are made to feel, behind the appetite for the physical world, the falsity or the tragedy of a moral situation. The inescapable consciousness of this discord does not arouse Hemingway to passionate violence; but it poisons him and makes him sick, and thus invests with a singular sinister quality—a quality perhaps new in fiction—the sunlight and the green summer landscapes of "The Sun Also Rises." Thus, if Hemingway is oppressive, as Mr. Dodd complains it is because he himself is oppressed. And we may find in him—in the clairvoyant's crystal of that incomparable art—an image of the common oppression.

EDMUND WILSON.

# CORRESPONDENCE

## A Voter Objects

SIR: In your issue of November 9 there is a "confession" by a Non-Voter, whose commonly held but seldom expressed views on the subject of the franchise seem to call for some comment. At about the same time that this issue was being sold on the newsstands, Professor Munro was addressing an audience at the Bar Association building on the topic, "Is the Slacker Vote a Menace?" And shortly thereafter, the newspapers were reflecting rather cynically upon Senator Borah's recent proposals to submit the prohibition question fairly and squarely to the people.

There is general agreement, undoubtedly, with the statement that non-voting is increasing. But differences of opinion are noted the moment one touches upon other relevant problems, or attempts any generalizations on the basis of real or imagined findings. The writer alluded to above laid down as a generalization that the American people are not competent to cast their ballots for the best men. His data were his own experiences. Of course, he calls attention, as do most other commentators, to the difficulties which confront the voter. But I object to his conclusions, on the grounds that his experiences are inadequate, and his premises are unsound. It may seem stupid to direct criticism at the solution which he offers, with such an obvious air of pensive whimsicality. I fear, though, that many men seriously entertain such views as he expresses. Many others are inclined to accept Professor Munro's views that the slacker vote is not now a great menace, and not a few tend to lose faith in the democratic dogma.

It is customary for those who discuss this problem to omit consideration of the various studies of non-voting which have been made by Professors Merriam, Gosnell, Arneson, and others. Those who do employ the findings of these students are apt to take liberties with the evidence. Every student of the problem of electoral abstinence has been careful to advise that their result are to be understood as pertinent only to the situations in which studied, and for the purposes indicated. None of them impairs our confidence in the orthodox devices of easier registration, simpler ballots, less frequent elections, and clearer issues as tending to increase the quantity and improve the quality of voting. I find in them no warrant for assuming that it is the poor and the ignorant who constitute the bulk of the non-voters. Nor can accept the theory that the well-to-do are better able to discover their own and the country's best interests in the jungle ballots which are submitted to them, than are the poor. And Profe Gosnell's vote-stimulating experiments would tend to support theory that "ballyhooing the moron vote" actually improve quality of the franchise. That is, provided, of course, the proper methods of stimulation be used. Merely informi people in regard to such details as the place and time of increased the independent vote.

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## CONTENTS

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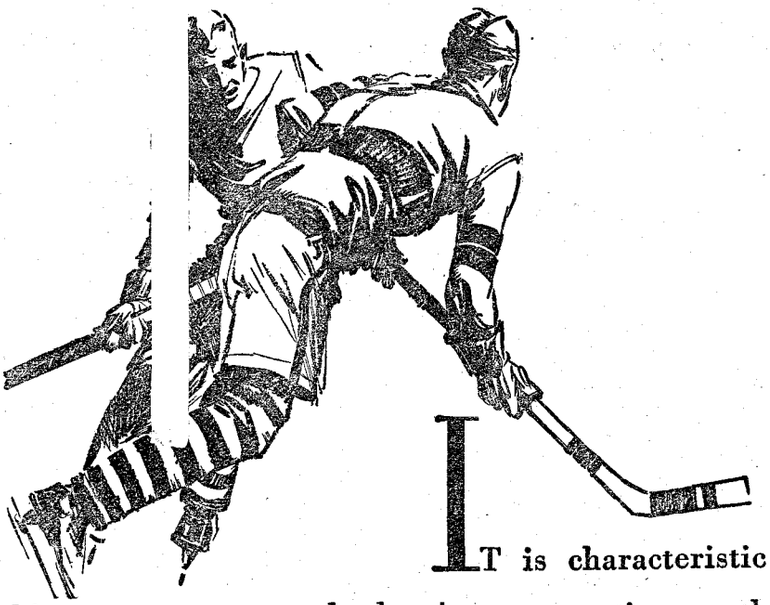

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Attempts to fasten the stigma of electoral inferiority upon communities cursed with mediocre and dishonest representatives serves some good purpose, I suppose. But it may afford the politician an opportunity to capitalize attacks upon him or upon his community. He may denounce such denunciations as assaults upon the representative principle. If he does it effectively, he is stronger than ever. So, I conclude, take a leaf out of the politicians' book of experience. Some organizations are doing this. The Chamber of Commerce is mindful of its own interests when it stimulates the electoral activity of young business men and ambitious clerks. The League of Women Voters, with results that are bound to be serviceable to the public interest, carries on a continuous campaign for more and better voting. Their activity is important because they use modern methods to reach the groups in whom they have reason to feel the most confidence. They combine stimulation and education. Your Non-Voter, on the other hand, consoles himself by the old formula, *Qui tacet consentire videtur*. But, as Delbrück has said, the non-voter doesn't consent: he submits. And that is not necessary nor wise nor good for the soul.

ROY V. PEEL.

Des Moines, Iowa.

## The ABC of Aesthetics

SIR: I cannot believe that Mr. Waldo Frank, in your issue of November 2, puts the proper valuation upon Mr. Leo Stein's "The ABC of Aesthetics." Is it out of order to remark that, in colloquial parlance, Mr. Frank wouldn't? Mr. Frank is by way of having very deep thoughts without ever, so far as I know, sharpening them to an effective edge. Such has been my luck in following his critical works here and there that I now confidently expect, whenever I take up a new one, to find a pronounced obstetrical strain as he assists at the birth-pangs of something new and revolutionary. In order not to disappoint me in the present case, when he could not behold with favor the freshly delivered brain-child of Mr. Stein's, he finds an opportunity to say: "Leo Stein, having no sympathy with the birth-pangs of the world, decides that there shall be no more birth at all." He is an incorrigible midwife.

As Mr. Frank shows, Mr. Stein makes some disparaging remarks about the philosophers. I imagine that these remarks are largely Socratic and ironical, and that Mr. Stein knows himself as a man of considerable philosophical parts. He could not have acquired his exceedingly acute dialectic without long philosophical discipline. The sort of philosophy about which he feels a certain dubiety is perhaps the sort which Mr. Frank, in his vague way, would represent. That is to say, Mr. Stein is a competent epistemologist, and breaks a good deal of new ground in his attempt to define the object of esthetic knowledge; but he is skeptical of metaphysics. He is Aristotelian rather than Platonic; in more modern terms, it is possible that he could get on comfortably with Kant, though he might be strongly repelled by Spinoza and Hegel.

Mr. Stein is a philosopher in that he pays no attention to the misty and sentimental esthetics in which there is loose talk about feeling and emotion, but fixes upon the esthetic experience as a form of knowledge. He is not worried about questions of motive and valuation; he knows that the motive behind the esthetic experience is to have the esthetic experience, and cannot be defined until the experience is defined, and will, in any case, take care of itself. He puts the esthetic problem as simply and popularly as possible, but with a dryness and purity which are admirable in these days. This problem is: How does esthetic knowledge differ from scientific knowledge?

The peculiar merit of Mr. Stein's doctrine is also its greatest defect. Instead of taking literature for his example, he takes painting. This choice gives him indubitable novelties. But in the end it exposes him to the same disabilities as are suffered by many theorists who would stake esthetic doctrine on their analysis of literature, or possibly music. Mr. Richards, for example, has a doctrine derived from his researches into poetry; but Mr. Stein's doctrine would be a total loss if Mr. Richards attempted to apply it to his field, and Mr. Richards' doctrine would be a total loss likewise for Mr. Stein. It would seem a very reasonable caution if the esthetic philosophers would say to themselves at the beginning: "No doctrine will work which will not apply to all the arts alike."

Mr. Stein's doctrine is concerned with the pictorial object. He finds the differentia of the pictorial object (from the ordinary thing seen) to consist in its quality of being reduced into focus, with a definite center and a consequent distortion of all the marginal features. To this doctrine Mr. Frank capitulates instantly. But there is serious question whether, in strict logic, this point carries conviction. It remains to be shown more conclusively that the unification effected within the picture by the focus is not, like most other unifications, a scientific feat rather than an esthetic. And if it is a scientific feat, then Mr. Stein has added substantially to our understanding of painting, but the baffling problem as to what is specifically esthetic is still to be solved.

But that does not affect the proposition that Mr. Stein has stated the problem with unusual freshness and fairness, and has performed a distinguished service.

Nashville, Tennessee. JOHN CROWE RANSOM.

SIR: Mr. Ransom's dislike for that high critical function which might justly be compared, in the creative field, with obstetrics, reflects grievously on Mr. Ransom. The fault he finds with my purpose as a critic is the critical virtue I aspire to possess. That my "very deep thoughts" seem to him to lack "effective edge" proves, at least, that they have failed to cut into *his* mind. And for this I am sorry.

The remarks on Mr. Stein are more unfortunate. Having begun by quarreling with me for my unfairness to Mr. Stein's book, Mr. Ransom—with the logic to be expected in his kind of clarity—proceeds to declare that work invalid altogether. For, if Leo Stein's esthetic theory does not apply (1) to literature and (2) to the *esthetic* of pictures, what is there left in his book?

Mr. Ransom writes: "Mr. Stein's doctrine is concerned with the pictorial object. He finds the differentia of the pictorial object (from the ordinary thing seen) to consist in its quality of being reduced into focus, etc. . . . To this doctrine Mr. Frank capitulates instantly. . . ." Of course, I did nothing of the kind. The point of my review was to make clear that these traits of the work of art are *effects*: that to discuss them lacks cogency, without a discussion of their causes: and that Mr. Stein's book fails precisely in his ignoring of these causes, and in his unconscious assuming of causes, which inevitably lead into the philosophical realm. But it is not surprising that Mr. Ransom misjudges me, since he does not understand even the book he rushes to defend. Leo Stein's discussion is valid so far as it goes, *because* focus, distortion, etc., have their strict equivalents in all the arts. And the reason why these effects are essentially esthetic (and not scientific) might have been clear even to Mr. Ransom, if Leo Stein had elucidated the dynamics and causality behind them.

Mr. Ransom—apostle of clarity—reveals the utter failure to think any matter through which I have come to identify with the sort of mind of which Mr. Stein's is a magnificent example: the ostrich-like sort which hopes to get rid of anything but surface by calling the inquiry into depths, "emotional," "vague" or "sentimental."

New York City. WALDO FRANK.

## In Memory of Mrs. Norrie

SIR: Some of your readers will doubtless be interested to know of a meeting to be held in memory of Mrs. Gordon Norrie, on Monday evening, December 19, at a quarter past eight o'clock, in the Auditorium of the Young Women's Christian Association, 600 Lexington Avenue. It is hoped that as many as possible of Mrs. Norrie's friends and admirers will be present. Mrs. Henry Goddard Leach is acting as chairman, and the speakers will be Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt and Oswald Garrison Villard.

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# Winter Book Section

Contents

The Facts of Life.....C. E. Ayres 105
Psychoanalysis Psychoanalyzed.....Leo Stein 108
The Eight-fold Path.....Lyman Bryson 109
Shelley.....Carl H. Grabo 110
Where Socialism Begins.....R. H. Tawney 111
Croce.....H. M. Kallen 112
Louise Imogen Guiney.....Louise Bogan 113
A Literary Expatriate.....Rose Lee 114
Functional Anthropology.....Robert H. Lowie 115
Britain's Invisible Empire.....Keith Hutchison 116
What Is Matter—Never Mind?....Harry T. Costello 117
The Case of Haiti.....Robert Herrick 118
The Indians of Two Continents.....Ruth Benedict 120
An Irrepressible Conflict.....Ferdinand Schevill 122

## The Facts of Life

*The Mothers, a Study of the Origins of Sentiments and Institutions, by Robert Briffault. New York: The Macmillan Company. Three Vols. 2,411 pages. $27.*

TO THAT noble savage—our superior in stature and cranial capacity—who left so impressive a record of his achievements on the walls of the grotto at Dordogne, we would appear to be the consummated superman. But if we are really a superior race, that is by virtue not of ourselves but of our machines. Moreover, as though in obedience to some cosmic law of compensation, we have made ourselves, voluntarily, the inferior of the lowliest savage in simple human understanding. With respect to that knowledge which we ourselves dignify with occult significance as The Facts of Life, we have become deliberately blind.

This is, of course, an effect of civilization; and it is precisely such effects which lead us occasionally to wonder whether, for all its special benefits, civilization is not headed in the wrong direction. There have been many adaptations in the history of species which have been so successful that they have led to the extermination of the unlucky creatures which achieved them. Can this be the fate of civilization? Can it be possible that the very potency of civilization is to be as fatal a triumph as the size of the dinosaur? Technical proficiency is the triumph with which civilization has been baited. Its defect is its deceit. As Mr. Robert Briffault has said,

> The socially transmitted material of human consciousness is a profoundly falsified material consisting of pseudo-concepts, pseudo-distinctions, pseudo-values. Every human mind born into the world receives that falsified mentality from the social environment, is educated by it, and provided with a falsified metaphysics, falsified psychology, falsified history, falsified ethics. By a subtle and crowning falsification, the process by which the human mind is thus deformed is successfully concealed and disguised by laying the blame for the resulting anarchy and confusion *on the human mind itself.*

This extraordinary diagnosis of our case was published in 1921. At that time Mr. Briffault was already the author of a brilliant book in which he surveyed the panorama of "power systems" which compose our history, an essay written in the trenches and published in 1919 under the title, "The Making of Humanity." We have paid that book the high tribute of complete neglect, thereby acknowledging it to be unique. In its treatment of the influence of Mohammedan civilization upon Europe, to mention only one point, it is certainly unique. The same is true of "Psyche's Lamp," the psychological analysis from which I have just quoted.

Mr. Briffault is a complete behaviorist. In England, therefore, he is quite alone. It is hardly surprising that his books found few friends at home. Not only that: his ideas seem to have been germinated in an intellectual

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vacuum by sheer potency of an astonishing originality. He appears to be quite ignorant of the existence of a flourishing and friendly "school" within these shores. His only citation for the expression "science of behavior" is an ancient work of McDougall's which McDougall himself, faced with the excesses of American "materialism," has since repudiated as a youthful folly. His theory of "consciousness as a social product" and of "tradition inheritance" as the basis of civilization should have warmed the hearts of Professor Dewey and his host of followers; but Briffault seems never to have heard of them nor they of him. Scholarship is international only in its formulas. Let a man vary the formula for any reason and he remains unknown. We require our behaviorism and our pragmatism trademarked and plainly stamped "Made in America; none genuine without this signature!"

In "The Mothers," Mr. Briffault has tried to come at the etiology of our disease. Chief among the falsifications of our pseudo-metaphysics, he believes, is our falsification of the facts of life. Like the savage, but more than any savage, we are the victims of taboo. "When the savage refers in awe-struck tones to his confusion at meeting his mother-in-law, the European cannot refrain from laughing; when the missionary expresses indignation at the pre-nuptial promiscuity of the savage, the latter turns aside to have a hearty laugh." Nothing appears to be farther from the facts as Mr. Briffault marshals them than the idea that chastity is universally venerated in human society. Sexual restrictions are derived not from our evolutionary ancestors —*pace* Westermarck!—nor from the original conditions of human civilization, but from a late product of the civilizing process.

> Those restrictions, being the effect of marriage, are necessarily non-existent before it; unmarried females, outside the prohibited classes or degrees, are accessible to all males. In all uncultured societies, where advanced retrospective claims have not been developed, and the females are not regularly betrothed or actually married before they have reached the age of puberty, girls and women who are not married are under no restrictions as to their sexual relations, and are held to be entirely free to dispose of themselves as they please in that respect. To that rule there does not exist any known exception.

This is a sweeping assertion. But Mr. Briffault is prepared to back it. "The Mothers" is not only a work of startling originality; it is a *tour de force* of scholarship. Its bibliography of primary materials, reports of observers and field investigators, covers no less than 197 pages. It appears to include everything of importance at least up to the War. This one assertion is backed by ten and a half closely printed pages of citations, classified by areas and covering the earth, running to considerably more than 500 references in all. Mr. Briffault is going to be a hard man to contradict.

In its present form, our sexual parochialism is a very late arrival. Mr. Briffault has traced sexual freedom down through the Middle Ages, with a prodigious redundancy of scholarship; indeed, he brings it almost to our doors, only to show how it receded before the greatest of all power systems and most ingenious of all pseudo-philosophies, the Christian Church.

> The Moral standards applied to sex relations [he says] are the residual product of that exaltation of ritual purity which pronounced a curse upon sex, stigmatized woman as the instrument of Satan, and poured scorn upon motherhood. . . . As the freedom of pagan barbarism became gradually abolished, the idealization by which it had been sought to justify and excuse it was transferred to legitimate relations, and became regarded as leading to, and as the foundation of, monogamic marriage, with which it had formerly been pronounced to be incompatible. That idealization of a relation which has remained essentially economic has continued in the tradition of European sentiment. The sexual instincts, confined by ever more rigorous restrictions within one prescribed channel, have become directed, as in no other phase of human culture, toward a single permanent object, and have availed themselves of the emotional sublimation of which the romantic and lyrical literature of the Middle Ages supplied the elements. Monogamic relations have created monogamic love. The sentimental idealization of the sex relation has thus assumed a character which is without equivalent in any other culture, and was wholly unknown in the cradle of European civilization in the Hellenic world. In the light of it, under the rubrics of love, courtship, and marriage, the modern anthropologist elucidates the psychological and sociological phenomena presented by primitive man and woman, by the savage and the barbarian.

It is without dismay, therefore, that Mr. Briffault prepares to challenge the most sacred dogmas of anthropology. His central thesis is that woman rocked the cradle of civilization. This is the despised "matriarchal theory" upon which our scientists have expended so much academic vilification. As one of the best of them, Professor Robert Lowie, has summed up the case, "Probably there is not a single theoretical problem on which modern anthropologists are so thoroughly in accord as with respect to the utter worthlessness of that [matriarchal] inference." In justice to both sides, however, we must note that Briffault is not reviving old fallacies. He does not make the specific inference Lowie has in mind the basis of his argument. As always, his matriarchal theory is quite original. He argues not for any special form of female government, but for the general preponderance of female functions all along the line. This is partly because, like his mammalian relatives in the animal kingdom, primeval man was matricentric. The female is the biological center of his life. Further than this, Mr. Briffault believes that woman's genius is for physical reality, man's for decoration, for splurge and hocus-pocus. Civilization begins with woman taming the wilderness. Those hardships which inspire Professor Lowie and the others to denounce the very idea that such a creature's lot can be anything but miserable —the sad vision of primitive woman toiling in the fields while her men-folk hunt and fish—become, in Mr. Briffault's hands, evidence of the centrality of woman. "The contrast between the toiling primitive woman and the idle lady of civilization," Mr. Briffault thinks, "though it has been mistaken for an indication of the enslavement of the former and the freedom of the latter, marks the opposite relations. It is the primitive toiler who is independent and the unemployed woman who has lost her freedom and is destitute." What a pity that Mr. Briffault could not have received Veblen's aid and comfort at this point! The modern woman, condemned to a life of vicarious leisure as an evidence of the conspicuous waste of her lord and master, is of course a flunkey, the most abject of slaves. What a pity, too, that we have all forgotten how Mr.

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Dewey pointed out that the lordly idleness of primitive man exists only in our apprehension!

But not only is woman realistic; she is also the locus of the occult. The supreme mystery for primitive man, as for us, is the facts of life. The occultism of the female generative cycle, its relation to the mystery of fecundation, the coincidence of the cycle of the moon, the added horror of the issue of life blood—all conspire to make woman the aboriginal source of magic and taboo. The prototype of the priest and magician are the "Great Mother" and the witch. The prototype of all the gods is the Great Mother of the gods, the moon. The prototype of all taboos is the menstrual taboo.

These are psychologizings, the hypothecating for which many of our modern students have nothing but contempt. But right or wrong, theory is necessary. Someone may be able to trip Mr. Briffault up on one or another of these points. But while we are all laughing at his discomfiture, it may be well for us to ask ourselves what use are all our modern facts if no one has any notion of their meaning, except that they just happened. Mr. Briffault is as scornful as anyone of the idea that all social customs can be explained in terms of current sentiments. He quotes Westermarck contemptuously as a supporter of the fallacy of trying to "explain a social phenomenon by existing conditions." Most social phenomena, he holds, arose out of conditions that have been forgotten. But he refuses to be satisfied with this—with the mere fact of survival and diffusion hugged preciously to the scientific breast. He insists on hypothecating a primeval Why. This exposes him to error. But it also gives meaning to his anthropology, more meaning than is attained by dozens of more cautious tabulators. Thus, for example, we find in many parts of the globe a strange phenomenon called "hospitality prostitution," whereby the head of a household lends his wife or daughter to a guest. Such a practice does violence to our sentiments, and we have named it accordingly; and having done so, it would seem, we have been entirely misled by the theory lurking in our name. But "this practice," says Briffault, "very inaptly called 'hospitality prostitution,' is not a matter of misguided benevolence, but a necessary pledge that the guest is a friend and not an enemy." If we consider that all the sexual customs of such people are very different from ours, and that the strange custom does actually extend to the guest only what, as a brother, he would normally enjoy, the whole affair assumes an intelligible meaning. It may be a wrong meaning. But some of us are grateful for any meaning that is not, like the epithet, simply prejudicial nonsense.

The meaningfulness of Mr. Briffault's mind is most clearly revealed when we come to the difficult matter of the extension of his matricentric theory to the development of taboos and institutions. Probably the most tangled underbrush of anthropology grows about the inter-relations of family, clan, sib and moiety; the strange rules of exogamy and of cross-cousin marriage, the fantastic mother-in-law taboo, and such like things. With the simplicity of genius, Mr. Briffault resolves this confusion with a word. Assume a female center in primitive society and assume that the female sentiments are constant, and confusion vanishes. The primeval mother has all the jealousy and preciosity of the sophisticated mother; but, in addition, she rules the roost. Hence the mother-in-law taboo, and hence exogamy and all the rest. So eminent a man as Hobhouse and so sensible a man as Lowie derive the basis of exogamy from the supposition of an "instinct" against incest. There is no basis whatever in psychology for the supposition of such an instinct. As Mr. Briffault wearily exhibits, the animal world knows naught of it. If it is an instinct, it must be a special creation! Moreover, how explain the fantastic permutations by which the incest-exogamic rule has been applied? The only sound explanation of this taboo, he says, is not the sentiment of those tabooed—that is wholly induced by the taboo—but the sentiment of the jealous mother anxiously nipping any signs of waning mother love and growing sexuality among the children of her brood. Here, as always, the mother dominates.

Among adults these sentiments are not avowed; and the readers of this book will be adults. We live in a civilization in which motherhood, having been cursed, is now condescended to. We shall, therefore, read Mr. Briffault's peroration with mixed emotions.

> The masculine intellect [he concludes] has battled for its freedom from the dead hand of the irrational heritage bequeathed by a distant past. What is vital and redeeming in that heritage is the outcome of the primal love that created humanity, and upon its first foundations human life and human relations ultimately stand. It is, as of old, the part of the Vestal Mothers to tend the sacred fire. Upon women falls the task not only of throwing off their own economic dependence, but of rescuing from the like thralldom the deepest realities of which they were the first mothers. Women are the repositories of those values. Upon the rude foundations which they laid the restless energy of man has reared a mighty structure; but the loftier and more complex that structure, the greater the danger in which it stands of crushing the realities of existence. As with the social, so with the structure of the individual life. Power, energy, ambition, intellect, the interests of the combative male, no more achieve the fulfillment of his being than they can of themselves build up a human society. The life that has centered upon those aims finds some day that its achievements have been barren, its idols hollow. "Gray is all theory; green life's golden tree." In the love of mother, in the mutual devotion of man and woman, the achievements of the organizing and constructive intellect fade into mist. These be the primal loyalties. They are, as they have ever been, in the keeping of women, and in theirs alone. Woe to the woman who makes light of them and tramples upon them; she merits every anathema that has been pronounced upon womanhood. Honor to the women who can exercise their functions as befits the richer and more complex, if strenuous and more difficult, conditions, which distinguish present human culture from its beginnings; honor to those who can be mothers not in the flesh alone, but in the spirit, who can choose, praise, and encourage aright, not only in that function of sexual selection which has always been theirs, but in the selection also of what is truest and best in the complex aims, ideals, and efforts of humanity.

Considering them in the light of modern science, and speaking as man to man, we seem justified in characterizing these theories of Mr. Briffault's as a little grandiose. But what man can say the like to the woman who loves him?

C. E. Ayres.

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# Psychoanalysis Psychoanalyzed

*The Social Basis of Consciousness, by Trigant Burrow. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 256 pages. $4.*

PSYCHOANALYSIS, like all great discoveries in psychology, has disappointed expectation. Fresh ideas in psychology often open up apparently illimitable horizons, and give the impression that they will lead to accurate and reliable knowledge, but, in fact, advances in application usually show that the ideas lack the clearness and precision that they promised, and the developments usually run into marshes and quicksands rather than into traversable and fertile country. We have, as yet, no satisfactory psychological bases, and all the different psychologies that are treated by groups of enthusiastic adherents as though they were reliably factual are made up mostly of dogma. They seem richly explanatory to those who accept them, and very poorly explanatory to those who do not. Psychoanalysis is no exception to this rule.

Psychoanalysis has permanently altered the aspect of the psychological field, and has brought into the focus of attention many things that before had either not been carefully noted or which had not been subjected to an even quasi-scientific examination. But so far, psychoanalysis has itself not been critically studied in any radical way. McCurdy has devoted a whole volume to its study, but he does not get very much beyond a discussion of the inconsistencies in Freud's ideas and terms, and a partial reconstruction in accordance with the current conventional psychology of the instincts and emotions. No other study has been as thorough as McCurdy's. Now Trigant Burrow, in his "Social Basis of Consciousness," has done something more. He has psychoanalyzed psychoanalysis, and has written a book which, though it is rather difficult in style, is essentially profound and clear in thought. My review will consist of little more than a summary of it.

According to Freud, the neurosis is a disequilibrium produced by sexual repressions. Psychoanalysis is a process for restoring normal sexual conditions, and for releasing the strains which have upset the natural functions. According to Burrow, the sexual attitudes in society, as society is organized by our social conventions, are so profoundly abnormal as in themselves to be symptoms of a serious social neurosis. In consequence, the process of the Freudian analysis, which accepts this condition as normal, is an attempt to render the patient normal by making him conform to a highly artificial pattern. The psychoanalyst's norm is like the norm of the economist who accepts the current capitalist society as a normal society. This society takes as its rule of life the Sermon on the Mount and the Preamble to the Declaration of Independence, and it imprisons and persecutes whoever tries to live in accord with its own declared doctrines. So the psychoanalyst would make the patient accept a healthy view of sex and personal relations, but practically tries to force him to accept as normal the compromises that are current in the society in which the analyst lives.

Burrow finds that there is no health in this process, that the analyst is rather less a scientist than a policeman, and that, if any real progress is to be made, the study of the subject matter must go beyond social convention and deal with realistic fact.

Burrow believes the origin of the neurosis to lie in the notion of right and wrong, rather than in the notion of sex. He thinks that the notion of man as a social animal should be taken more seriously than it usually is, that, in fact, man is primarily social and only secondarily individual. His view of mankind is rather like the North's view of the Federal Union, that the states were created by the nation and not the nation by the states. The separatism of the individuals results, in his belief, from the impressed attitudes of right and wrong with their consequences of retribution which are taught the child from his earliest infancy, and which put him flatly and consciously in conflict with society from the beginning. The normal world of a man consists of himself, others, and the relations between them when all are taken as real. Burrow holds that this tridimensional field is soon substituted for by a two-dimensional one which is made up of oneself and one's personal advantages, that others are treated as merely elements in consequences for oneself, that good and bad mean good and bad only in relation to oneself. But even this condition is not healthy of its own bad kind, since the notion of good and bad has not developed with reference to clearly experienced good and bad relative to actual things, but rather in relation to imposed discriminations created by a world of adults for their own convenience. Therefore the growing child is living in a world of almost pure convention, most of them conventions that are unbelievably crass and stupid, and its normality is a pseudo-normality which consists in the acceptance of a world which does not hang together in any intelligible or physiologically coherent way, but is capricious, absurd, and destructive to the last degree.

The sexuality which, according to the analysts, produces the neurosis is, according to Burrow, a consequence of the neurotic social condition. Burrow considers sexuality, which he discriminates from natural sex-impulse, to be essentially auto-erotic. It is one's sexual self-consciousness, due to the complication of restraint and over-stimulation, messed-up moral interpretations. In consequence, sexuality is for him really homo-sexuality; it is rather the desire for sexual satisfaction, the relief of one's self-directed sexual interest, than concern for a sexual object other than oneself. Burrow thinks that it makes less difference whether the relation is between persons of the same or different sex than whether the sexual expression is the result of interest in oneself or of interest in another.

Burrow finds that the analyst accepts the world which has been made personal by the acceptance of self-reference in the individual, that the analyst's psychological basis is the highly artificial world of the social neurosis, and that he tries to remedy the individual neurosis on this basis. Since the conditions are artificial, he can keep the patient within bounds only by prescribing the bounds, that is, by taking the essentially authoritarian position of the parent who has produced the conditions he tries to cure. The resistances of the patient are defined in terms of resistance to the analyst, and the analyst, instead of being the impersonal all-father, is very human indeed. I must confess that, when on several occasions I tried to be analyzed, I found the absurdity of accepting the analyst's assumed role, when he was obviously as full of prejudices and self-importance as over-ripe cheese is full of maggots, to be utterly incompatible with the all-necessary transference. Burrow believes that the transference is itself a neurotic symptom, and that the analysis of the transference which ought to conclude an analysis is never effectively carried out. In consequence, the patient is never really cured, but always remains hanging on to the analyst, more or less, or to some substitute for him.

Burrow's suggested remedy for the false situation in which the analyst finds himself is the group analysis. Of the details of this method, which he has been practising for some time, he has not yet published anything. Conse-

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quently, I am not at all clear how it is actually carried out. But there is no question that group analysis, in which the authoritarian attitude is avoided and in which the leaders are as strictly accountable for their resistances as is the humblest member, is the only solution. Of course, a consequence of this will be that the analysis cannot be kept within bounds. It is, in this respect, like economic argument. As long as there is a professor or moderator, he can limit the range of legitimate discussion to what is socially acceptable to him and to his kind, but if there is no such control, the very basis of the actual economic system can be brought to question. It is entirely possible that our social system is rotten with neurosis, and that the processes of the usual analysis can only be palliative because its psychological basis may be quite fictitious and unintelligible. This is certainly the case if Burrow is right.

Burrow's argument is revolutionary, and it is, to my thinking, mostly valid. The psychology of Freud is a hopeless mess which no one can understand except the orthodox Freudians, who understand it in the sense that the adherents of any orthodoxy understand their religion. They understand it in the sense that they never inquire into its meaning. Burrow's notions about the basic conditions of normality are, to be sure, somewhat speculative, as must always be the case when the explanations are genetic, but the account that he gives of the so-called normal man, and his criticism of the essential weakness of psychoanalysis, are perfectly sound. So also, I believe, is his reinterpretation of homo- and hetero-sexuality, in so far as that is a neurotic problem. The current views on these matters are too impossibly naïve, and the enormous dialectic elaborations of the psychoanalysts are no satisfactory substitute for the lack of clarity and veridity in their basic analyses.

There are, of course, many things of interest in Burrow's book of which I have made no mention. I have made no criticisms, for I think that it is mainly sound. It is a book that can be highly recommended to those persons who want to know what are the principal growing points in the present psychoanalytic situation. LEO STEIN.

# The Eight-fold Path

*The Life of Buddha as Legend and History, by Edward J. Thomas. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 297 pages. $4.50.*

*The Life of Gotama the Buddha, by E. H. Brewster. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. 243 pages. $4.*

*The Life of Buddha, by A. Ferdinand Herold. Translated from the French by Paul C. Blum New York: A. and C. Boni. 286 pages. $3.*

MOST western interest in Buddhism has been either esthetic curiosity or the sort of "mysticism" which has travestied Sakyamuni's heroic sweetness of renunciation in muggy optimism. It may be that the present turning of attention eastward has created a new kind of interest in the greatest of eastern religions. The appearance of these three books, all purporting to be lives of the Master, would indicate that publishers think so. In one sense, however, they tell us more of the difficulty of approaching an alien faith than they do of the present manifestations of the faith itself.

What is Buddhism? Is it the serene, almost forgotten, gospel of the Master, or the heated doctrines of sectarians, or is it, finally, the faith of simple people who live by what they believe a god once taught their fathers? Do we, in reading these varying treatments of the story, want to find the man, Siddhartha? One suspects that most readers, whether led to this study by pseudo-religious references to eastern thought, or by a literary orientalism, really want not Buddha but Buddhism. The religion itself, as any reader would know at his first serious thought, can no more be found in "lives" of its teacher than could the Christianity by which an Italian peasant lives be found in the synoptic gospels. A "Life" is equally baffling as a source for the intricate metaphysics of the doctors of Japan, or China, or even the Hinayana branches of the faith in southeast Asia. It may serve philosophers as documentation on a great period in human thought, if it is sufficiently serious, and it gives to those capable of enjoying such beauty a version of one of the world's greatest stories. But the student who wishes to understand the ways of Asia has probably more to learn from the attitude of a devotee in a *Hongwanji* in Kyoto, or from an ignorant, saffron-wrapped monk in a Menam village.

In fact, Buddhism is more difficult to approach from the outside than is Christianity. Jesus of Nazareth was more fortunate in biographers than was Siddhartha. Early written gospels gave simple and passionate outlines to the figure of the Christ. And much of the development of the Christian religion as an institution was, even in the beginnings, at a distance from the scene of the drama, veiled but also preserved in translations. Oral traditions, instead of written ones, obscured for centuries the beauty of the Buddha, in a confusion of wonder-loving supernaturalism. In Christianity this supernaturalism has attached itself chiefly to the saints, and the personality of the Christ has not suffered so much. Buddhism, growing by word of mouth, in the matrix of Vedantist thought, of which it was to some extent a protestant modification, carries a more complicated system of folk-lore, and has almost lost the teacher in the worker of extravagant miracles.

Scholars, however, have searched out the earliest texts, and romancers have strung them into narratives. Readers have to take what they can get. Mr. Thomas' "Life," a volume in the History of Civilization series, best represents scholarship among the three books here under consideration. Its essential character is in the tentative nature of all conclusions as to the facts of the earliest teachings. The Pali texts, generally considered the most primitive, if not the exclusively authoritative sources, are carefully collated with Sanskrit documents and also with translations from the Sanskrit into Tibetan and Chinese. As Mr. Thomas says, "The Pali itself is no primitive record, but the growth of a long tradition in one school." In interpretation, Mr. Thomas wisely insists that, "like all the Indian systems it remains essentially a religion, a way of salvation." He holds without compromise to his intention of stating the doctrine "as we find it in the earliest records, and as its earliest followers understood it," eschewing a dressing-up that would "appeal to the presuppositions of the western mind." The result is a book which contributes notably to our knowledge of the past, however little light it may throw on the religious dreams of a flower girl on the dirty flagstones of the Shwe Dagon.

Mr. Brewster's "Life," in Trubner's Oriental Series, is compiled exclusively from the Pali canon. It has the great advantage of an introduction by Mrs. C. A. F. Rhys Davids and her approval. With more coherence as a story, instead of the groping scientific care of Mr. Thomas' researches, it is more readable and more useful to the person who seeks a first book on the subject. It is also authoritative, within the limitations of its sources, and careful except for an occasional misprint. (For example, *samgha* for *sangha,* page 104; and *Ragagaha* for *Rajagaha,* page 98.)

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Nevertheless, it illustrates the difficulty for the western mind in reading any fairly full version of the developed traditions; the proliferations of the eastern imagination seem to us tedious and often inane. Mr. Brewster's offering stands midway between the textual criticisms of Mr. Thomas and the romance of M. Herold.

M. Herold's book is an example of the now fashionable biography in which an historic, or possibly historic, person is reconstructed into a personality with artistic consistency, no matter how far removed from the prickly inconsistencies which actual testimony always offers as to the nature of a great character. It is beautifully printed and designed, fit to be the drawing-room table breviary for the amateur. M. Herold's sources were chiefly the Lalita-vistara, which Rhys Davids (quoted by Mr. Thomas) characterizes as "of about the same value as some medieval poem would be of the real facts of the Gospel history." He draws largely also from Asvagosha's poetic annals, written at least five centuries after the death of the Buddha, when primitive doctrines had long since begun to shift and split. Yet M. Herold says "this life of Buddha is not a work of fiction." Folk-lore rather, we would say, and skillfully presented, although the conception of the character wavers sometimes between what appealed to the Buddha's own people and what sounds enticing to us. His book serves a purpose which Sir Edwin Arnold served better long ago in "The Light of Asia."

What all books on the Buddha require from western readers is an effort of sympathy. The soul of man in the East carries a lighter burden of possessions and a heavier burden of pain. It is necessary to remember that the figure of the Buddha, like the figure of the Christ, is seen clearest in eyes that have shed tears. LYMAN BRYSON.

# Shelley

*Shelley, His Life and Work, by Walter Edwin Peck. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. Two vols. 1,022 pages. Illustrated. $12.50.*

*Shelley, His Theory of Poetry, by Melvin T. Solve. Chicago: University of Chicago Press. 207 pages. $3.*

IT is not so much a new biography that Shelley asks as profounder criticism of his work and studies of his intellectual background. To such a conclusion the reader is driven upon the perusal of Professor Peck's two handsome volumes. Since Dowden's Life a few minor discoveries, such as that of the Whitton letters, have cast fresh light upon some incidents of Shelley's career; though in this particular instance Professor Peck makes surprisingly little use of his material, and the full account of Shelley's relation to his incredible father at the time of his expulsion from Oxford must be sought in Ingpen's "Shelley in England." There are the Elizabeth Hitchener letters, also, from the British Museum originals, now available in an appendix; and a few odds and ends of prose and verse either before unprinted or not readily accessible. The net result does not greatly alter facts already known. It is the interpretation of the facts, especially the interpretation of Shelley's ideas as expressed in his poetry, which is yet inconclusive.

It would be ungracious not to point out the service which Professor Peck, nevertheless, performs in assembling the new material, as also in summarizing the substance of recent studies of Shelley's sources and of the parallels to his work in the poetry and prose of his contemporaries and predecessors. These studies are not, it is true, particularly informing; nor is the most promising of them, the interpretation of Shelley's symbolism as suggested by the comments of W. B. Yeats, pursued with thoroughness. Yet it is convenient to have them in one place, and the illustrations and bibliographical references are valuable.

Professor Peck's limitations are evident when he assumes the role of moralist and critic. Shelley has already suffered much at the hands of the godly, from Mark Twain upwards, and no doubt his ethical code and his own practice are perennially interesting in themselves, aside from the light which they cast upon autobiographical and speculative passages in his poetry. The facts, in so far as they are known—though only the external, not the essential emotional facts, can be learned—should, of course, be set down. There the biographer's duty ends. When he attempts to pass judgment upon them, he is in difficulties. In a vein of intolerable charity, Professor Peck remarks:

> Shelley's sins of fickleness, of rhapsodies over many women, and his occasional surrenders to desire, may be in part at least forgiven, because of his genuine affection for children.

He deplores, citing Shelley's letter to Mary after Harriet's suicide, the absence of

> a faint hint of affection for her with whom he had lived for three years, and who had been the mother of his first born. On these subjects he preserves a reticence that leaves us cold, amazed, wondering.

Shelley's abandonment of Harriet he had previously characterized as "sudden, selfish, deliberate."

Of Shelley's sexual morality little more need be said than this: At the age of eighteen he eloped with Harriet Westbrook, who had threatened suicide unless he rescued her from the tyranny of school; at the age of twenty-one he deserted Harriet, whom he believed—perhaps mistakenly—unfaithful to him, and eloped with Mary Godwin, whom he loved; in the few other instances, if any—for the evidence is inadequate—in which he yielded to physical passion, he was never, so far as is known, either cold, or cruel, or cynical. Let his own confession to Peacock be cited:

> I think one is always in love with something or other; the error, and I confess it is not easy for spirits cased in flesh and blood to avoid it, consists in seeking in a mortal image the likeness of what is perhaps eternal.

Professor Peck is no less dogmatic in his literary than in his moral judgments, remarking of "Adonais" that it is "perhaps Shelley's greatest poem"; and of "Hellas" that it "survives today, as literature, chiefly on the strength of individual lines, a few short descriptive passages, and the two superb choruses in the last act." But it is in his almost complete failure to appreciate Shelley's intellectuality, the depth and range of his philosophic and scientific reading, and the expression in "Prometheus Unbound" of a philosophy reconciling scientific materialism with Platonic idealism that Professor Peck is least satisfactory as a critic. For far too long a time Shelley has been thought to be wholly emotional, mystical, even fantastic, whereas few poets have ever been so largely intellectual. The difficulties in the interpretation of his work lie in the recondite nature of his thought, and even more in the metaphor and symbolism with which it is disguised. His failure to secure an audience for his poetry led him to write more and more to please himself. Such poems as "Prometheus Un-

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bound" and "The Witch of Atlas" are not pure fantasies. Beneath their symbolism and imagery lie ideas which, if tenuous and remote often, are, in so far as they can be deciphered, consistent and profoundly intellectual.

Precisely what these ideas are and the meaning of the symbols in which they are clothed will be determined only as the history of Shelley's thought is traced from his early interest in science, in the materialistic eighteenth century philosophers and the works of Godwin, through the idealism of Berkeley and Spinoza, to his ultimate neo-Platonism. That scientific speculation played an important role in this reconciliation of naturalism and mysticism has but lately been perceived, despite the evidence in "Queen Mab" of Shelley's early absorption in scientific theory. The study of this province of Shelley's intellectual hinterland has only been begun. And there is yet to be made an adequate study of his mysticism and even, as is apparent from some evidences, of his interest in the occult. When these tasks are completed, Shelley's preference among his works for "Prometheus Unbound" will be intelligible, as also his statement that it was written for but five or six persons.

Mr. Solve's little book is of a different order from Professor Peck's. Professor Peck has written that Shelley "felt rather than reasoned his way toward the millennium; and his greatest poems, their strength and their weakness, spring from his absolute surrender to his emotions." Mr. Solve cuts much deeper than this:

> The transition from the worship of the Spirit of Nature to the worship of Beauty that we see in the Hymn [to Intellectual Beauty] only waited upon the replacement of naturalism by idealism, which came through the study of Berkeley, Spinoza, and Plato.

He is aware, too, that

> Shelley someti...es reveals a conception of the universe surprisingly close to that of the scientist. The conservation of matter and of energy seems to have been understood by him early in life. . . . His frequent references to the "great chain of nature" indicate that he had some conception of evolution. . . . For while the warp of Shelley's nature poetry may be scientific, the woof is ideal, imaginative, and warmly emotional.

Though alive to the importance of scientific fact, Shelley became increasingly Platonistic in his philosophy, believing that "thought is the imperishable reality, the real 'stuff' out of which everything from worlds to worms is made." But it is not, thinks Mr. Solve, through reason but through intuition that this fact was perceived. "He believed that all new truth came, a little at a time no doubt, through intuitive flashes, in sudden illuminations; and the mode of mind which apprehended these new relationships he called the imagination, the poetic faculty."

Shelley's theory and practice as a poet is the theme of Mr. Solve's excellent study, of which the only defect, in the opinion of the reviewer, is that he is a little misled by Shelley's minimizing of the importance of reason. "It is not probable," says Mr. Solve, "that he would ever have framed a coherent philosophical system. Mary Shelley's confident belief that, had he lived, he would have synthesized the best in the systems of Plato, Kant, Spinoza, etc., is of no value except as a testimonial of her affection."

When the notes which Shelley had planned for "Prometheus Unbound" are supplied by other, though less competent, hands it will be seen, perhaps, that Shelley fell little short of his wife's prediction, and the depth of his philosophy will be realized by the general reader.

CARL H. GRABO.

# Where Socialism Begins

*The British Coal Dilemma, by Isador Lubin and Helen Everett. New York: The Macmillan Company. 370 pages. $2.50.*

WRITING just over sixty years ago, Jevons described the British coal question as "of that almost religious importance which needs the separate inquiry and determination of every intelligent human being." The significance of the coal industry for British economic life is a truism which needs no emphasis. Judged merely by the magnitude of its operations—by the number of workers employed and the value of its product—the coal industry is the greatest of all British industries, except agriculture. Judged by the strategic position which it occupies, and by the dependence upon it of the industrial activity of the whole community, it is the most fundamental of all. Nor, of course, is it merely or mainly its economic significance which has forced the condition of the industry upon public attention during the last decade. Questions of "religious importance" are normally questions about which mankind quarrels with more than ordinary ferocity. Of all the industrial problems which have perplexed the country since the War, that of the coal industry has been almost the gravest, and—apart from unemployment—quite the most insistent. When the historian of the future comes to write an account of the eight tempestuous years since the Armistice, he will find them black with coal.

Since January, 1919, there have been three national stoppages, involving on each occasion more than a million men, two occasions on which a national stoppage was averted only by the appointment of a Royal Commission, two occasions on which, an *impasse* having been reached, the questions at issue were referred to a court of inquiry appointed by the government, and several serious disputes in particular coal-fields. The industry has been a laboratory of social and economic theories, and, at the competing hands of mine-owners, mineral-owners, mine-workers, civil servants, technicians, and social reformers, has been offered incompatible drafts of soothing and violent elixirs. And, after a period of unusual prosperity, it entered in 1921 on a depression so profound, unforeseen and tragic in its consequences that the observer is tempted to suspend analysis of the disease in pity for the victim. At the present moment, "order reigns in Warsaw," and there is a condition which is described as one of industrial peace. But it is peace which is more terrible than many industrial wars. In September, over 228,000 workers were unemployed, and there are areas in which the owners appear to the miners to be celebrating their victory by the establishment of something like a reign of terror. The settlement imposed on the industry at the end of 1926 will have an even shorter life, it may be prophesied, than had that of 1921.

The feelings which have been aroused by a struggle that has lasted, in effect, for eight years are so keen that it is not easy for an English observer to treat the subject dispassionately. Coal has become a symbol, and no government has been able to approach with an open mind the problems which it presents, because behind the immediate issue it has always seen a terrifying shadow, which menaced, not only the coal industry, but "private enterprise" in general. In these circumstances, a study of the industry by two skilled foreign students is peculiarly valuable. The book of Mr. Lubin and Miss Everett is an admirable piece of work, which may be recommended with confidence to all who desire to understand the most serious

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of the industrial problems confronting Great Britain at the present moment. Naturally, there are certain points on which one would be disposed oneself to put a somewhat different emphasis. But, even there, it is quite possible that Mr. Lubin and Miss Everett are right. For the rest, they give the best account that has yet been written of the economic situation and prospects of the industry. And they reveal an insight into the psychology of mine-owners and miners, which, in authors who cannot have seen very much of those difficult people, is really surprising.

I remember an occasion when, lecturing in America, I was implored by the representative of a long-suffering audience not to refer to anything which occurred more than twelve months before, on the ground that busy people could not be expected to be interested in ancient history. Mr. Lubin and Miss Everett have not yielded to that natural distaste for dwelling on the past. They have devoted the first hundred pages or so of their book to the antecedents of the present crisis, and they have shown their wisdom by doing so. For the fact is, that both the technical and the psychological difficulties of the industry are largely a legacy from the nineteenth century. The multiplicity of small undertakings—Great Britain produces some 250 million tons of coal with over 1,400 collieries, while the Ruhr produces 100 millions with about 75, and the Pas de Calais 20 millions with 16—is due to the fact that the structure of the industry was fixed, of course with exceptions, with reference to the conditions of an age which has passed away. The peculiar mentality of the mine-owners is largely the result of the same fact. Down to 1914, the industry was extraordinarily prosperous. It had little serious foreign competition to meet. In spite of rising costs, it disposed every year of a larger output. British coal seemed almost to sell itself. Naturally, in such circumstances, there were few searchings of heart among the owners as to the organization of the industry: why should a man in vigorous health consider his regimen and manner of life? They went into the War with the naïve belief in competitive individualism which had been common in the eighties and nineties. They came out of the War to find that the whole economic environment had changed, and that what they had done with ease, in the past, they could do no longer. They were genuinely bewildered. What could have happened to the best of all possible industries? The answer was simple. The government had interfered with economic laws, and the miners had been bitten by a mad dog. All that was necessary was to convince the former of its folly, and to perform a surgical operation on the latter. The government, being, like most British governments, closely connected by sympathy and personnel with big business, was quite ready to be convinced. The miners are still undergoing the operation.

Nevertheless, in spite of the blood-letting and the incantations, the industry shows no signs of reviving. Indeed, it has had the bad taste to get worse, as the mine-owners were warned that it would, if their remedies were applied. The lengthening of the working day, and the abandonment of national agreements, which were the favorite panaceas of the Mining Association, so far from improving the situation, have made it more difficult, for the first has helped to cause a break in prices, and the second has intensified cut-throat competition between districts. Evidently the malady is more deep-seated. That truism is now grasped by almost everyone except the mine-owners, who continue to protest that the whole world is out of step except themselves. But the atmosphere has not been favorable to a scientific diagnosis of the disease, and it is here that the book of Mr. Lubin and Miss Everett is particularly valuable. There are really two large problems which ought—though they are closely connected—to be distinguished, and each of which contains numerous smaller ones. The first relates to the economics of the industry. Will the external causes of the present depression lift, or are they permanent, and if so, in what degree? The second relates to the politics of the industry. Is the present system of ownership and administration to continue, or is it to be modified, and if so, in what manner?

To the first of these questions, the authors' answer is pessimistic; in my judgment, rightly pessimistic, so far as the immediate future is concerned. The industry is overmanned, and its personnel ought to be deflated. The process need not, given ordinary intelligence and humanity, be very painful. Instead of 45,000 boys of fourteen being poured into it every year, they should be kept at school, with the aid of maintenance allowances, and at the same time a pension scheme should be established to accelerate the retirement of the older workers. Behind these temporary measures lies the larger issue of the reconstruction of the industry in such a way as to get rid of its admitted, and largely unnecessary, inefficiency. But to discuss this, even in outline, is too formidable a task for the end of an article. It is sufficient to say that the reader will find in the book of Mr. Lubin and Miss Everett a penetrating analysis of the problem, and an excellent account of what is meant by the word "nationalization." If, after reading it, he still thinks, with many worthy people, that it implies the conversion of miners into postmen, he must be incurable, and should become a mine-owner—a walk of life in which he will find society suited to his intelligence.

R. H. Tawney.

# Croce

*Benedetto Croce, An Autobiography. Translated from the Italian by R. G. Collingwood, with a Preface by J. A. Smith. New York: Oxford University Press. 116 pages. $2.*

As I write these lines the war rages around me, and may well involve Italy; and I cannot see what tasks will be forced upon me or what duties assigned to me in the near future, by this gigantic war, whose course and remote effects are still obscure, this war which may issue in world-wide disturbance or sheer exhaustion. My mind hangs in suspense; its image mirrored in the future wavers distortedly, like a reflection upon stormy water."

These words conclude the "autobiography" which Croce wrote, more than ten years ago, in his fiftieth year. He did not call it an autobiography. He called it "Contribution to a Criticism of Myself" *(Contributo alla Critica di me stesso)*. One hundred copies of it were published in Naples—and distributed among his friends. It purports to be an estimate of his work in the world, and as such necessarily an "autobiography." To one reader, at least, not unacquainted with Croce's labors, his estimate of them is singularly uncommunicative, telling mostly what anybody could easily find out for himself, making judgments that others could have better made, and holding back what others would need to know in order to make any estimate whatever. And Croce's remark about his mind in 1916 is justified by the review of his intellectual record that the remark concludes. It seems to me an accurate description of any phase of this record. Only by harsh and sympathetic straining of the imagination have I been able

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to draw anything articulate and logically meaningful out of his voluminous pronouncements. I used to think that the fault lay in his translators, and that the Italian originals would be free from the obfuscation which the English versions concentrate. I no longer think so. It must be that either Croce's work contains things too wonderful, that I cannot understand, or that there is a dialectic confusion in his spirit, which always "wavers distortedly, like a reflection upon stormy water," and that finds an answering echo in certain types of mind in England and in the United States.

Whichever of these alternatives be the correct one, Croce's turgidity of intellect and ambiguity of meanings appear as the dark fulmination of a character in the Italy of our times extraordinarily bright and clear-cut and heroic. Child of a conservative Catholic Neapolitan family in the heyday of the *Risorgimento,* educated by Catholic priests in Catholic schools, his emotional environment was from the beginning one of separation and opposition to the rest of the community. As a positive force in his childhood only his mother figures, and he underscores the unfriendliness of the family circle to a distinguished liberal cousin, and his being kept in ignorance, at school, of Cavour, Mazzini, Garibaldi. What turned him from Catholicism was a course in philosophy given by a priest during his first year at the *liceo* and designed to confirm the students in their faith. In 1883, several of his family were killed in an earthquake, and he himself was seriously injured. When he was well enough, he went to Rome, where in the home of his relative, Silvio Spaventa, the solid middle-class quiet and respectability of the paternal roof was replaced by the glitter and confusion of a political salon. This was an unhappy period in his life—his "darkest and most bitter years"—he had thoughts of suicide. . . .

The implied picture is of a lonely, unhappy boy, turned in on himself. Diverted in his childhood by medieval romances and the art treasures of Naples, he found as he grew older contact with men and affairs too difficult. Books were easier. He took up and abandoned the study of law. Philosophy, he found, helped him, and the Herbartianism that he learned in the lecture-rooms of Labriola enabled him to ease his misery and organize his thoughts. When, three years later, in 1886, he returned to Naples, he felt happier, and the years in which he traveled in Europe and read German philosophy and occupied himself with antiquarian studies seem to have been comfortable ones. An event was his discovery, through Labriola, of Marx and Marxism, and his adoption and relinquishment of this gospel. By that time he had "found" himself. His historical studies had set him upon the line of metaphysics that he was to follow. From 1900 on he restates in many, often materially contradictory ways, the one vision that characterizes him. Whether as a city official in Naples, a senator of the State, a minister of public education (in the last Giolitti cabinet), philologist, antiquarian, historian, metaphysician, he sees himself as identical with the reality he works on. He regards that reality as his expression, and the varieties and contrasts of it as dialectic poles of one active spiritual substance, one infinitely creative power. Universal and particular, spirit and matter, and all dichotomies familiar and unfamiliar, are merely expressions of one another. Being, Croce might say, is spirit in which there are distinctions but no differences. He nominates Vico and Hegel as forerunners of this view.

What bearing it has on the emotional realities of Croce's life is in part inferable from the atmosphere of opposition and the bias for the loneliness of the library and the closet that the record shows. But data are lacking. Neither wife nor child nor lover figures in the record. The character of his public service is not specified, nor what it did to him. If the "autobiography" were brought up to date, it would need to signalize his passion in controversy, his splendid freedom from war emotion, his open, unflinching defiance of *fascismo* and all its works. The record would show him to be great merely through the political enemies he has made. But he is great also because of his influence. His kind of idealism—idealism is the name for the way of having your philosophic cake and eating it, too—provided disaffected British Hegelians with a way out, and armed unadjusted American men of letters with doubtful metaphysical reasons for quite properly writing as they please. Beside the grace of such a mind as Bergson's, who is in the idealist tradition, or the beauty of Santayana's or the lucidity of Russell's, who are not, Croce's flares like a smoking torch in a foggy night. But beside such personalities as Mussolini or Gentile or D'Annunzio, Croce stands out as the most distinguished and humane Italian of our day. He was speaking, not without modesty, of himself when he wrote to the international congress of philosophers that met in Cambridge a while ago that the times had need of a new type of philosopher—no professor specialized in a narrow profession, but a worker, making researches in history or in the natural sciences; participating in public affairs, either directly or as a sympathetic observer; no professor of philosophy, in a college, but a man with a definite calling in life, especially the calling of a human being.

Mr. Collingwood's translation of the "Contributo" seems to me adequate. But I cannot discover what purpose is served by the unctuous and meticulously useless introduction by Mr. J. A. Smith, who is, I am told, a professor of philosophy at Oxford.

H. M. KALLEN.

# Louise Imogen Guiney

*The Letters of Louise Imogen Guiney, edited by Grace Guiney. New York: Harper and Brothers. Two vols. 529 pages. $5.*

*Happy Ending: The Collected Poems of Louise Imogen Guiney. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 193 pages. $2.50.*

LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY'S early poems and essays were published in Boston in the eighties and nineties, when the shadow of that city's literary tradition still hung heavy in the air. Gilder, Stedman, and Aldrich, the literary arbiters of the day, received them graciously. Their fancy was struck by this young poetess full of an almost boyish enthusiasm for waving banners and drawn swords, by this learned girl whose prose echoed the proud periods of Sir Thomas Browne and Jeremy Taylor. Poetry in Boston in the eighties could take as its due the pleasantest upper-class appreciation. Literary ladies received on Thursdays; there was gently cultured magazine patronage. The bravest gifts could not wholly escape from the pale radiance cast from these gentlemanly foreheads.

Miss Guiney's letters are colored by her contact with the dry literary season in eastern North America, which was remarkable for little save Emily Dickinson's death and Walt Whitman's old age. They have a maidenly arch, a wistfully learned, air. The authentic talent that was undoubtedly hers must hide behind the mask of the girl wearing laurels. She always speaks of herself in shy and deprecatory terms: she is a "poeticule"; she publishes "bookies" or "collections of feather-brained essays." A

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full lusty decade would not foster such demureness. Apt literary tags fall to the page at a touch. As the years pass, the ardor of the poet gives ground to the passion of the antiquarian. The girl in garlands—Bosten-woven garlands—becomes the erudite woman.

The two chief factors responsible for Miss Guiney's temperament were her devotion to the memory of her young fighting father, General Guiney, who died, when she was a child, from wounds received in Civil War engagements, and her reverence and love for her religion (she was a Roman Catholic). "I hope always to be a hero-worshiper," she wrote to Richard Garnett in 1895. She never found it difficult, as a biographer says of her dear William Hazlitt, to connect a cause with a person. Her enthusiasm for the seventeenth century can be traced to her emotional biases: it was a gallant age, and one that vindicated the Divine Right of Kings. She traces down with the most meticulous care obscure Carolinian lyricists—Habingdon, Fanshawe, William Alabaster—and gives but a glance toward "that Milton who wrote for regicides." Yet, within the enchanted borders of her chosen time, her taste was astonishingly inclusive. She accepted the license of Charles, the King, no less than the metaphysics of Vaughan, the poet; she appreciated the plays of robust George Farquhar as well as the exquisitely witty and heartless comedies of Congreve and Wycherly.

Like Henry James before her, she was completely spelled by nostalgia for England; she took underfoot the sod thick with memories with the passionate tread of a disinherited child. Oxford, the Bodleian, were her spirit's haven. She must fly and touch the hearthstones and the graves of her heroes and martyrs. Vaughan's tomb must be cleared of weeds; Keats' ashes should be reinterred in the Abbey. She must dig up the genealogies and track down the partisanships of the names she loved, however hidden in a maze of cross-references. On the anniversary of the Restoration, she wears a sprig of oak in her hat, in memory of the Silurist.

She came late to England, to stay "forever." But for brief visits to that kindly air, she lived in a Boston suburb throughout her young maidenhood. She was thwarted by poverty, and forced into the dusty pattern of the Auburndale post office and the catalogue room of the Boston Public Library. In England her life was never easy. Her poems were rarely accepted by English journals. Her critical work was done too slowly and painstakingly to afford her a living. Two books she had long wished to do were anticipated by others. Birrell wrote a life of Hazlitt; George Saintsbury brought out a collection of the minor Carolinians. Two letters to Clement Shorter, written in 1907, when she was forty-six, have in them the sound of real despair. She had been asked to do an interpretative life of Hazlitt. "It is simply impossible. Whatever fire was originally in me has died out for lack of a flue; I am, I will not say embittered—my worst enemy would allow that I have no grievances—but atrophied. If I ever finish long-begun and long-interrupted tasks like the Vaughan, Alabaster, St. Frideswide, etc., I shall do almost more than I now hope for; but I shall never be able to plan and carry out with my old zest." And, a few days later, to the same correspondent, "It is not perversity which drives me to write of 'seventeenth century poets and people who are not of the slightest interest to this generation.' I have to write of what I know best, and I have never learned to run with the crowd." She did not publish her Vaughan. Her collected poetry was published in 1909. In the remaining eleven years of her life she experienced the tragedy of war-torn Oxford, and the spectacle of a changed world. For her, in all real senses, the door had already for a long time been shut upon the world. The young votaress had become the "browser on variorum," bemused under "the moon of books."

Her poems have more often the figure and gesture of emotion than its sinew. She had a genuine feeling for the heft and swing of English verse, yet her most ambitious poems, the "London and Oxford Sonnets," fail under the weight of high names; they have a brave sound but a hollow echo. She was spirited, but never in revolt; her acceptance of divine will was necessarily more complaisant and sentimental than like acceptance in a Herbert or a Donne. She had no age to back her up, nothing but the reflection of a wasting New England tradition, of an old English tradition that had left her nothing but its bones. "Art," she once said, "is made up of seemly abstinences"; that she pitched upon that adverb gives reason enough for much that is surface decoration in her work. Her "Friend's Song for Simoisius," "Sanctuary," "Astræa," and "Planting the Poplar" have a certain lyric beauty. She had a passionate heart, that could, or would not say itself, and a true eye.

> And copper pimpernel, the truest clock,
> On some waste common, by a rock
> Her small dark-centered wheel draw in...

She made honorable choices in spite of her time, that did not spread salt and rich alternatives about her for her election. But, for a poet, negative choosing is not enough.

> Take Temperance to thy breast,
> While yet is the hour of choosing,
> An arbitress exquisite
> Of all that shall thee betide;
> For better than fortune's best
> Is mastery in the using,
> And sweeter than anything sweet
> The art to lay it aside.

LOUISE BOGAN.

# A Literary Expatriate

*Avarice House, by Julian Green. Translated from the French by Marshall A. Best. New York: Harper and Brothers. $2.50.*

*Adrienne Mésurat, by Julian Green. Paris: Librairie Plon. 12 francs.*

A YEAR or two ago, a novel in French by a young American was considered for the Prix Fémina and was ruled out, we are told, chiefly on account of the author's foreign citizenship. The book was "Mont Cinère"—lately translated by Harper's under the somewhat obvious title, "Avarice House." The author was Julian Green, born and educated in Paris, who has elected to become a French writer and an American citizen. Perhaps his choice of political citizenship was only a technicality, intended to avoid the nuisance of military service in France; but there must have been times when Mr. Green found it inconvenient. In these days of red-hot nationalism in the French Republic of Letters, its members would be very apt to protest against letting an American—of all people—win the literary awards of bleeding France!

In spite of this, Julian Green has been warmly received in Paris. In the circles where books are judged, "Mont Cinère" was praised as a more than promising debut. "Adrienne Mésurat," published last spring, was a striking success. On the strength of it, M. Doumic, editor of the

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Revue des Deux Mondes and tsar of the higher periodicals, has contracted, sight unseen, for the serial publication of Mr. Green's next book. The young man's future is assured. He may be as retiring as he likes in company, sitting quietly in a corner of the room with his air of well bred repression. People in Paris look at him as one of the coming Olympians. No matter how far intelligent Frenchmen may be driven by the winds of political doctrine, they really cannot help admiring a talent when it appears.

Julian Green's technique is extraordinarily sure for a young man of twenty-seven. In France, he is comparable to François Mauriac, an older writer of settled reputation, who deals with somber material in somewhat the same logical way. He is precociously gifted, and he has had the benefit of a serious literary training: he has gone to the school of Balzac. Instead of fumbling about among his personal experiences and drawing forth adolescent sensations with an air of self-conscious daring, he takes a formula and builds character and action around it, objectively, minutely. This method enables him, in "Mont Cinère," to create powerful emotions against a background as vague as ectoplasm; in "Adrienne Mésurat," to place his story in a French provincial setting which he has never had occasion to know at first-hand.

In both of his novels, the central situation is the same. The heroine is a young girl, solitary, starved, dangerously cherishing an *idée fixe* for want of more positive satisfaction. In "Mont Cinère," Emily is obsessed by the house which she is some day to inherit and which is being gradually stripped by her mother's half-insane economies. Adrienne Mésurat is obsessed by love for a doctor twice her age, with whom she has never exchanged a word. Both are strong natures who, in ordinary surroundings, might have been happy and able to control their destinies. As it is, they are carried away to crime and madness. In both of them the sense of their impotence works like a poison, rendering them physically ill. There is a suggestion of Emily Brontë in their cumulative passion, their hysterical, inarticulate anguish, lightened sometimes by a rare lyrical touch—"A flame flutters up from the log and opens like a flower in the depth of the fireplace" at Mont Cinère; a young tree spreads delicate and brooding branches over the house of Adrienne's doctor.

The later book is much more expert than the earlier. Toward the end of "Avarice House," one feels that the author has lost control of the mechanism, and it pushes him rather starkly into melodrama. In "Adrienne Mésurat," the truth of every scene is beyond question, except, perhaps, that one meeting between the girl and the doctor. The writing is freer and more assured, more truly French in its constructions. The dialogue is full of action and sly revelations. Whole episodes stand out with wonderful clarity. The time when Adrienne runs away to a neighboring town is unforgettable—the young workman who follows her on the street; the rain, the solitude; the utter desolateness of the provincial hotel, with its gas lights and musty eiderdown. The pages where Madame Légras, vulgar and insinuating, comes to blackmail Adrienne are again a masterpiece.

In this novel, Julian Green has come into possession of himself. He has done something which would be an achievement for any novelist, old or young. It is a continuation and a fulfillment of what "Mont Cinère" began. More vividly than before, his heroine moves darkly in narrow spaces, from which she cannot, by any effort of will, escape. She is alone, yet harassed from without. Every gesture she makes is more ironically futile than the last. The walls around her grow closer; the air becomes more stifling, the horror of a nightmare seizes her. She has no counterpart in modern fiction, but her life has a certain affinity with the landscapes of Vlaminck—those flat provincial houses in tones of tragic brown; those bare and narrow streets converging to infinity, glowing fiercely in the light of a reflected sunset.

ROSE LEE.

# Functional Anthropology

*Myth in Primitive Psychology, by Bronislaw Malinowski. New York: W. W. Norton and Company. 94 pages. $1.*

*Sex and Repression in Savage Society, by Bronislaw Malinowski. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 285 pages. $3.50.*

IT IS the slighter of Dr. Malinowski's recent volumes that more explicitly sets forth the gospel of "the functional school." Elements of native life, so the argument runs, can never be understood except in their context. Hence myths should not be studied as mere tales or philosophic explanations. Theirs is a primarily pragmatic character: they serve "principally to establish a sociological charter, or a retrospective moral pattern of behavior, or the primeval supreme miracle of magic . . . to strengthen tradition and endow it with a greater value and prestige by tracing it back to a higher, better, more supernatural reality of initial events." This proposition Dr. Malinowski illustrates by examining several outstanding types of myth, all gleaned from the inexhaustible storehouse of his Trobriand Island notebooks.

The point is well taken. However, the author's ardor on its behalf renders him purblind to other aspects of the problem. At the close of his essay, he grudgingly concedes that mythology has its literary side, which "should not be completely neglected," and a similar sop is thrown to students of myth as philosophy. But the very language in which the admission is couched reveals an unwarranted bias. It is laudable to demand that no phase of reality should be taken by itself; but we cannot prescribe to anyone in what direction he shall seek significant relations. Were the functions of mythology, as Dr. Malinowski conceives them, completely known, much would still remain to be determined—the relation of the plot to other tribal tales, the part played in its elaboration by able story-tellers, and —*pace* Dr. Malinowski—the extent to which episodes have been borrowed from alien sources, or how and how much they have been transformed in the process. In all this there is, indeed, the pitfall espied by the author, viz., a purely external consideration of the subject. On the other hand, an exaggeration of the functional view has perils of its own for the *epigonoi*—the straining for correlations that are either imaginary or too general to afford a deeper insight.

The larger of the two books presents two distinct layers in the author's mental growth—especially in his approach toward psychoanalytic interpretations. Since he has allowed the text of his earlier half to stand, the superadded footnotes have, at times, a violently corrective flavor. As usual, Dr. Malinowski looks at the anthropological universe from the vantage-ground of the Trobriand Islands. Once more he displays his talent both for imparting an alien atmosphere and for unearthing the theoretically significant from a welter of concrete detail. Rarely, indeed, has a matrilineal scheme of organization found such graphic portrayal. The controversy with psychoanalysts, though a good point

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of departure, is less valuable than the discussion of family life on the subjective side. Here, Dr. Malinowski, anthropologically speaking, is treading on virgin soil, defaced only by the footprints of speculative writers. As a pioneer wrestling with the most elusive of matters, he recognizes the provisional nature of his findings. But the freshness of his outlook reconciles us to sporadic overstatements, and banishes the caviling of pedantry.

A few points may be singled out for comment. Applying Shand's theory of sentiments to primitive society, Dr. Malinowski throws into relief the distinctive character of the *human* family. "The salient points which distinguish human attachments from animal instincts are the dominance of the object over the situation; the organization of emotional attitudes; the continuity of the building up of such attitudes and their crystallization into permanent adjustable systems." Here, too, the *functional* view of the phenomenon studied is championed, but in a deeper sense than in the miniature treatise on mythology. The function of the family is to be the continuator of the cultural heritage. That service could not be adequately rendered if father and son appeared as active rivals; hence the basic character of incest taboos. The father, in patriarchal conditions, plays a dual part. He is simultaneously a "tender friend and rigid guardian of the law," whence an inevitable disharmony in the emotions he evokes, with the result of "ambivalence." Ingeniously, if not quite convincingly, the author suggests that a matrilineal system with its avunculate solves the problem more elegantly: the maternal uncle, identified with repressive authority, becomes a shock-absorber, deflecting the lightnings of filial hatred to concentrate them upon his own head.

Lest the treatment appear, in cant phrase, "brilliant, but not sound," I hasten to stress the essential sanity of Dr. Malinowski's outlook. He upholds the primacy of the monogamous household; he conceives exogamy as an extension of the incest feeling, the clan as an outgrowth of the family; he exposes the traditional question as to the priority of "mother-right" or "father-right" as a delusion and a snare: both sides of the family are universally recognized, and it is simply the over-weighting of one or the other *for specific purposes* that creates the maternal or the paternal clan, which thus does not supplant the bilateral family, but is a superadded type of social unit. In short, in these basic moot-problems, Dr. Malinowski stands on the side of the angels; in short, with the reviewer.

There is one capital idea in the book that may be hailed as truly "suggestive," in the only admissible sense of that much-abused word: it suggests definite problems for research. I have already alluded to it: where avuncular takes the place of paternal authority, Malinowski argues, the classical Freudian complex must be correspondingly modified; and the evidence should be discoverable in native mythology, as he sets out to show in the case of his Oceanians.

To me this seems the first fruitful application, to date, of psychoanalytic points of view to ethnographic problems. There is here no paraphrasing of cultural phenomena in Freudian terminology, but a novel conception capable of stimulating an infinitude of concrete investigations. No one knows better than Dr. Malinowski that the unilateral peoples cannot be divided into such absolute "moieties" as those with matrilineal and with patrilineal descent. A Pueblo uncle is not identical, for example, with his counterpart in New Guinea. Hence, each sample of matrilinear institutions will require some measure of specialized treatment. Yet we can be reasonably sure that the sentiments linked with definite relationships will vary with the social definition of these relationships.

Dr. Malinowski has done well in continuing to cultivate his Trobriand Island plot. We cannot withhold from him the honorific title coveted by his aborigines and must dub him *tokwaybagula,* "Efficient Gardener."

ROBERT H. LOWIE.

# Britain's Invisible Empire

*The Migration of British Capital to 1875, by Leland H. Jenks. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 442 pages. $4.*

ONE of the major results of the World War was the hastening of the process by which the United States has become the creditor of the world. New York has displaced London as the funnel through which surplus wealth is poured to assist—at a price—the progress of more backward nations. There is no doubt that Professor Jenks had this development in mind when he set out to study "the principal ways in which the migration of capital has influenced the rise of an invisible empire of which London is the metropolis." He has produced a scholarly and absorbing work which deserves the attention, not only of bankers and bond-holders, but of every citizen interested in public affairs. For, while the economic structure of the world has altered enormously since the period with which this book deals, the fundamental dangers of international loan-making and loan-taking remain much the same.

Professor Jenks begins his study at the close of the Napoleonic Wars. England, at this time, possessed a wealthy *rentier* class, prepared to seek a "reward of abstinence" by the judicious investment of its annual surplus. The rising industries of the north did not appeal to this class, centered in London, as opportunities for speculation. They were accustomed to buying British government bonds, and were willing to extend their operations to the securities of other governments. The first big opportunity after 1815 was the financing of the indemnity imposed on France by the Allies. Soon other governments discovered that London was a good place to borrow money. The great London banks, Rothschild's, Baring's, and others, arranged financial support for reaction in Europe and revolution in South America. A little later, the United States was calling for capital to promote public works. Then came the railway age, with fresh and golden opportunities for British investors, bankers, and contractors.

The stream of capital that flowed out of London was not a steady one. Professor Jenks' narrative is punctuated with descriptions of recurrent booms and crises in the foreign-loan market. All through the thirties, British capital poured into the United States. Every state was pushing ahead with public improvements. There was a boom in cotton and land. All was well, so long as Britain could maintain an increasing export of capital. But in 1839 untoward events in both countries caused the stream of credit to dry up. The inflated structure collapsed. Congress passed a resolution censuring the reckless borrowings of the several states, and disclaiming federal responsibility. Nine states suspended interest payments, three of them formally repudiating their debts. American credit sank as low as Russia's today, and London bankers spoke of Americans in the contemporary terms equivalent to Bolshevik and anarchist.

South America as well as North did not always honor its obligations. Professor Jenks shows how British investors

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lost immense sums when debtor countries went bankrupt or repudiated their obligations. When dealing with strong states, the bankers arranged terms equitable to both borrower and lender. But with weaker countries, the terms were frequently usurious in the highest degree. When the interest payments could not be met from income, the obliging banker was always ready to arrange another loan for the purpose, on worse terms. Finally the burden became too heavy, and bankruptcy ensued. The banker, meanwhile, had collected his handsome commissions and unloaded the worthless bonds, sometimes by market-rigging methods, on an innocent public. There is no doubt that the only beneficiaries of a large proportion of these loans were the financial middlemen, many of whom, by their adeptness in the higher swindling, gathered to themselves enormous fortunes and seats in the House of Lords.

One of the most interesting facts brought out by Professor Jenks is that the bond-holders of the first half of the nineteenth century could not count on government support. Canning and a succession of Foreign Ministers steadily refused to intervene in matters of foreign investments. The South American republics were recognized despite their low standards of financial integrity. President Coolidge's doctrine that the property of citizens abroad is part of the domain of the United States had, as yet, no parallel in British policy.

British economic imperialism, in the author's view, started to develop only about 1860. While easier investments were abundant, the capitalist was unfriendly to speculations which involved continuous control in distant lands. Nor was the government willing to become the non-profit-sharing partner of private enterprise. The first step in that direction was the building of the Indian railways with the aid of a government guarantee, met by taxation of the natives. The extravagant way in which this work was carried out gave the Indian a new financial load that fairly balanced the white man's moral burden. But economic imperialism was really launched when Dizzy bought the Suez Canal shares. Here strategical and commercial policy led to investment, and investment led to intervention. A new era in the history of the British Empire had begun.

KEITH HUTCHISON.

# What is Matter—Never Mind?

*The Analysis of Matter, by Bertrand Russell. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 408 pages. $6.*

MR. RUSSELL'S new book is not one for the uninstructed. If you are well informed concerning the latest results of atomic physics, and enjoy speculations out on the frontier of knowledge, this book will appeal to you; if not—try something else. It is the subject that is difficult. Mr. Russell writes clearly enough, too clearly to be always quite plausible, for plausibility needs, perhaps, just a touch of mystery, of thoughts that "break through language and escape," of depths unplumbed but only hinted at. Perhaps this is the reason why the reader comes away with a query lurking in his mind: whether the account is not just a bit oversimplified—in spite of Mr. Russell's frank recognition of unsolved problems. But in any case, the book is hard reading, and hard to evaluate justly.

It is a wonderful subject, this question of how the world is put together. The next new discovery about the atom may remake the industrial world, and turn the whole course of human history. But that discovery is most likely to come through a combination of patient experiment and bold imagination. Mr. Russell has contributed his share of the latter, if not of the former, and his book may well have its chief use as a stimulus, or perhaps more likely, irritant, to the actual workers.

That the material world is probably far different from what the older materialism imagined it, indeed, that matter itself probably does not exist, is the thesis of much of Mr. Russell's argument. He believes that the contents of mind come the nearest to the probable quality and character of the world. But for all that, Russell belongs metaphysically with Santayana and the other materialists, since he would bring all causal connections under simple physical laws, and registers his opinion that the hand that penned the plays of Shakespeare, or the music of Bach, was guided in its movements exclusively by the laws of the atom. Even here he refuses to be quite dogmatic, for not everything that happens to the atom itself has as yet been reduced to statable law.

The mind of man Russell locates inside the head, or, in the words of a certain college student of philosophy, "The mind is the psychological part of the skull." But this opinion, which many a philosopher has dismissed as absurdly naïve, has a new face put on it by the peculiarities of the contents which Russell finds in said skull. For Russell is a Leibniz who has read Einstein, and replaces "preëstablished harmony" by geodesics, but a Leibniz still. On the whole, Mr. Russell is more satisfying, at least to the present reviewer, when he is criticizing or evaluating the mathematically precise theories of the atom than when he is trying to construct a theory of knowledge, and explain how a green color inside your head can be knowledge of a tree outside.

A picture of the atom, such as the Bohr theory gives us, is at once to be taken seriously and it is not. Its serious side is its power to encourage further research, but one finds hard to suppose that it is the final truth. The little electrons are imagined whirling with incredible speed around a tiny central group, chiefly protons. Minute as is the atom itself, all these electrons and protons are smaller still, and are comparable to a swarm of flies in a volume as big as a cathedral. Suddenly, instantaneously, one of the electrons drops from an outer to an inner orbit without passing over the intermediate space, and instantaneously a wave of light is flung out, which nevertheless has a definite vibration rate, and, therefore, cannot be instantaneous. When the electron is somewhere, it is invisible; when it jumps through nowhere, then you see it. This would be dismissed as wild speculation, worthy of a philosopher, were it not that, in terms of it, you can make predictions, exact calculations, and verify them down to astonishing detail.

The Englishman has tended to think in terms of such models, the Frenchman and frequently the German have dismissed them as pure fictions. But imagined models have, in practice, proved amazingly fertile and suggestive, and scientists ask first, "Is the hypothesis useful as a guide to research?" not "Is it true?" Mr. Russell has the philosopher's conscience, which is an ailment almost as bad as the puritan conscience, and for which the two great commandments are: The self-contradictory cannot exist; and, Do not multiply entities beyond necessity. He is, therefore, much afraid that some guileless and exuberant scientist will fail to realize how little is really known about the atom, but will take the Bohr model for ultimate truth. Russell leans toward the Heisenberg atom, chiefly because that does not venture to be so concrete.

Of course the theory of relativity comes in for a great

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deal of discussion in any present-day account of the physical world. Mr. Russell emphasizes that, by the general Einstein theory, motion is not naturally in straight lines, but in the straightest lines possible in such a crooked world, and these are called *geodesics*. These lines run through time as well as space, and are defined as lines such that a clock runs fastest if it follows them. But since under any given set of conditions matter always follows a geodesic, it would seem to be difficult to get a clock to move some other way in order to put this to a test. However this may be, the earth in movement around the sun goes in a geodesic, not because it is pulled out of its course by the sun, but because it goes in the straightest course there is, when the sun has warped up the surrounding space. So, in this case, an Einstein straight line looks very much like an ellipse.

Mr. Russell is not troubled by this result, but he is somewhat disturbed by two other aspects of the relativity theory. The one concerns absolute rotation. If rotation is with reference to the fixed stars, this seems to him a little like astrology, "the sweet influences of the Pleiades." If it is not, then rotation is purely relative. But there does seem to be a difference between the spin of an atom, and the atom standing still, with the whole universe spinning around it millions of times a second, and the terrific centrifugal effects that would seemingly ensue—yet, on strict relativity principles, there ought to be no difference. Mr. Russell tries to evade part of this difficulty by the suggestion that what occurs in the atom is not a rotation, but a qualitative pulsation.

The other difficulty is that the Einstein theory treats the velocity of light as at once finite and infinite. On the one basis, the light comes to us from the sun in about eight minutes; on the other basis, there is no interval at all. So *interval* must mean something queer. If taken quite literally, there is no interval between what happened in the Andromeda nebula a million years ago and our perceiving it now. This seems both contradictory in itself and disconcerting to Mr. Russell's theory of perception. Hence this zero interval must be explained away. Mr. Russell suggests that, for a homunculus traveling down on a light wave, nothing at all would happen on the road, and that would be what is meant by saying the interval is zero. Perhaps Mr. Homunculus and his light wave simply disappear completely for a time, and later reappear elsewhere. But if one is to take such a little gentleman seriously, one might suppose that he would imagine himself at rest, and think of us as in motion past him with the speed of light; he might think he lived in the solid world, and was having a number of experiences, while we, flattened like pancakes, should be for him nothing but a rush of transverse vibrations. So the puzzle about interval remains unsolved.

For Mr. Russell, the matter of the world is really a process, a series in space-time of what he calls events. A series of qualitatively similar events along one geodesic would replace a "piece of matter" in motion. Points and other geometrical things would be replaced by sets of interwoven, or overlapping, events—the events which would usually be said to occur *at* that point. This would make geometry rather complicated, but it would make it verifiable, for we can experience or observe an event, whereas we cannot experience a geometrical point. The reviewer has some doubts about this. It is true we can experience something like what Mr. Russell calls events, but, as experienced, they seem very sprawly and fuzzy round the edges; so that Mr. Russell's clean-cut little egg-shaped events seem quite as idealized in their way as geometrical points and perfectly straight lines. One may doubt if any trick can make physical laws verifiable precisely.

Perhaps these illustrations of what sort of speculations are contained in Mr. Russell's book will attract some readers to it, and drive others away. One can imagine the disgust of a student of mechanics or physics of the old school, if there be any such survival left—one who thought his science was the supreme example of solid and tangible facts. The new physics—even while it piles up a cumulation of facts compared with which the old physics was a meager sketch—threatens the supremacy of the "Arabian Nights" and the "Buddhist Birth Stories" in the field of imaginative literature.

HARRY T. COSTELLO.

# The Case of Haiti

*Occupied Haiti, edited by Emily Greene Balch. New York: The Writers Publishing Company, Inc. 186 pages. $2.*

TO sum up the conclusions of the authors of this report, their impression of the present American administration is that its directing officials are honest, able and aiming to serve the people of Haiti, and that cruelty, abuse of personal power and violence seem to have been substantially stopped, and the whole tone of the administration immensely improved over what it was at certain periods since 1915. The determining element in the situation, however, is the fact it rests on force. This affects its character throughout. It tends to make the occupation officials high-handed, careless of the law and, above all, contemptuous. It makes American rule deeply repugnant to all Haitians that still prize the independence that they have suffered so much to win and maintain. Although the maintenance of the Occupation is constantly excused on the ground that its object is to help Haitians in the fundamental matter of self-government, it is, at best, doubtful whether it is not doing quite the opposite."

This is the temperate statement of the case for Haitian independence vs. American occupation arrived at by a self-constituted "Committee of six disinterested Americans representing organizations exclusively American," who personally studied conditions in Haiti in 1926. Two members of the committee were colored women, one a professor of economics. "They made every effort to meet informants of different shades of opinion. They talked with business men and with chance acquaintances of many types including French priests, Protestant missionaries, technical employees of the Occupation, and Haitian teachers, professors and doctors." Yet, in spite of this thorough effort and the moderate tone of impartial inquiry throughout, the report might as well have been written in New York, so far as arriving at a positive judgment of the impropriety of American occupation. For as stated in the preface, "Even more than they anticipated, they found the problem in Haiti to consist not in individual instances of misused power, but in the fundamental fact of the armed occupation of the country. Any good done by high-minded officials does not touch this bottom fact, and by men's reaction to this fact will their opinions as to Haiti be shaped."

Miss Balch and her committee react, as might be expected, to this fundamental fact of armed occupation of an alien country idealistically rather than pragmatically or realistically. The case against American occupation of Haiti might be drawn much more damningly both from the legal and the ethical standpoint than the members of

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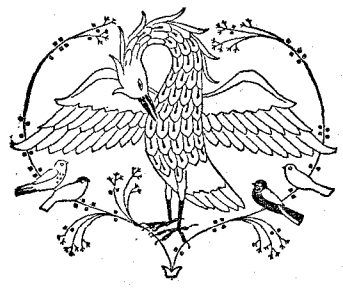

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this investigating committee have seen fit to make it. From the first flimsy pretexts for intervention through the pacification technique of our Marines, to the illegal control of Haitian revenues and the arbitrary acts of our puppet president, it offers one of the rawest chapters in American imperialism yet written. But in a world that finds Fascism not merely tolerable but desirable, and French methods of administering Syria and Morocco justifiable, it is surely futile to argue the question of armed occupation on legal or ethical lines.

What has a dozen years of American intervention in Haiti accomplished, for the Americans, for the Haitians? For one thing, it has done this country an incalculable damage in the eyes of all our southern neighbors in this hemisphere. Haiti, together with Mexico and Nicaragua, has made the United States suspect throughout the Caribbean and South America. It has not, so far, brought in much pelf for the American exploiter: Haiti has probably cost this country already far more than American enterprises will ever be able to extract from it. And it has demonstrated once more our incapacity for colonial administration, if, after the example of the Virgin Islands, the Philippines and Porto Rico, such demonstration was needed. The answer for the Haitians is more mixed. The American occupation has given the island some needed roads and more needed sanitation and medical attention. It has undoubtedly afforded a greater degree of security and personal liberty to the mass of its backward inhabitants, especially in the interior (where the committee apparently did not to any extent penetrate), than they have ever enjoyed hitherto. Whether American economic control, especially of the tariff and the custom house, has increased the general well-being of the laboring classes is a more dubious matter. The mass of the people are still very poor, even from the modest standard of the West Indies. The Occupation has done nothing for education. It is not surprising, therefore, that "American rule is deeply repugnant to all Haitians that still prize their independence," in the words of the report. But it must not be forgotten that there are very few Haitians sufficiently politically conscious to be aware of their lost independence. Not enough to organize a revolt against the invaders, or even to educate their fellows to desire political liberty.

In such a situation, then, the best that can be hoped both for the Haitian and the American is that the Occupation should become more intelligent and more civilized. The Marine corps is, seemingly, our only instrumentality at present for the administration of our colonial acquisitions, in their first stage, and it is obviously a poor instrument for such a difficult task. If we had developed an instrumentality as good as the British Colonial Office, with an educated and trained personnel, or demonstrated any genius for governing dependent peoples even self-interestedly such as the English are displaying in the Sudan, the outlook for the Caribbean would be more promising. But as long as we leave these small imperialistic enterprises to navy and marine officers, mainly of southern origin, whose instinctive prejudice against "niggers," as they call all colored people, vitiates whatever administrative ability they may possess, our spreading imperium will become inevitably an American blight, to be feared and hated. The American people must face this question, rather than the abstract proposition of rule by force. If, as seems probable, we are to go in deeper for this imperialistic game, like the rest of the world, we must face our responsibilities and equip ourselves with proper instrumentalities for rule. Self-interest alone requires that. ROBERT HERRICK.

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# The Indians of Two Continents

*The Indians of North America, selected and edited by Edna Kenton. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. Two vols. 1,176 pages. $10.*

*The Civilization of the South American Indians, with Special Reference to Magic and Religion, by Rafael Karsten. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 540 pages. $7.50.*

OUT of the wreckage of that tidal wave of European contact that overwhelmed the Indian civilizations of this continent, there are left two incomparably precious records: the compilations of Father Sahagun of the customs and rituals of the Aztecs, and the Jesuit "Relations" of their dealings with the Indians of North America. Sahagun is still largely in manuscript, and no part of it is translated into English, but with the account of the Jesuits we have been more fortunate. Parkman, in his "Jesuits in North America," made their story a household word, and when, more than twenty-five years ago, that long seventy-three-volume row of Thwaites' "Jesuit Relations" began to appear on the shelves of far-between and fortunate libraries, there was opened up an almost inexhaustible enjoyment. Everything of which we had had foretaste was there, the mellowness of its original phrasing unimpaired, and there were, besides, documents upon documents hitherto unpublished. It was one of those perfect pieces of editing rare in any generation. Random papers, private letters, and Jesuit files had been ransacked to make the record complete; the notes were authoritative; the translation was accurate, and it had, to heap the measure, the leisurely charm of the original.

Thwaites' edition, however, is rather more than an entire five-foot allowance of literature, and the seven hundred and fifty sets to which the edition was limited, not to mention the price, made of it no fireside companion, but a difficult book of reference. Miss Kenton has now, for the first time, in an admirable selection, made it available to its best audience: those who take pleasure in the byways of history and the royal road of adventure. She has seen to it that her selection is no less useful for reference; with commendable restraint she has retained the Thwaites text, even indicating his pagination, and has drawn freely from his notes. Wherever there was need of further comment to make the text intelligible to a larger audience, she has supplied it. Otherwise her work has consisted in a selection which, from every point of view, could hardly be bettered.

The Jesuits of the seventeenth century, driven by their passion for souls, traveled the length and breadth of the then-known continent of North America. They established themselves from Louisiana to Labrador, and they penetrated as far west as the Mississippi. It was no cursory exploration that contented them. From the first they set themselves, in the midst of indifferent and often hostile savages, to learn his language, eat his food, live in his shelters. When famine pressed, they ate the dried eel-skins with which they had girded up their Jesuit robes. When the Iroquois overcame their Indians, they distributed absolution and baptism within the stockade, and when all was lost they died with their flock in the fiendish tortures the Iroquois devised for their most honored enemies.

They set themselves to know and match every rule and custom of this wilderness. They were excellent observers, and the people among whom their lives were cast were


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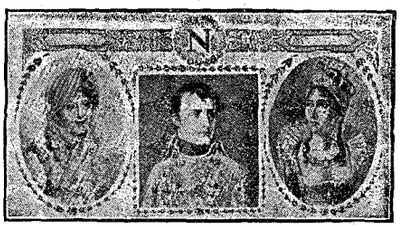

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bizarre enough to challenge their best efforts. Nothing could be better than Brebeuf's description of the great Huron feast of the dead when, on in elve years, all the bones of those who had died hat erval were disinterred, dressed in collars of pum and in beaver skins, wept over afresh, displayed 'souls" on a great scaffold together, and buried at las one great tomb to the accompaniment of a noise so deafening and so desperate the Fathers named it the din of hell.

The best *raconteurs,* as it happened, were stationed among the great Iroquois group, which included also the Hurons with whom the Five Nations were at war, and those Eastern Algonkin who had been influenced by Iroquois customs. Through all this region there ran, in their beliefs and practices, that fantastic strand: the obligation to repeat in waking life the events of which one dreamed. "It would be cruelty, nay, murder, not to give a man the subject of his dream." Three evils, the fathers said, closed the door to Indian conversion; drunkenness, dreams and impurity, and of these the dream was the most sinister. "It is the god of this country." At all costs the dream must be fulfilled. The braves dreamed of eating human flesh, and the family had to provide a woman for the sacrifice. They dreamed of being tortured by the enemy, and the village set up the stake and fed the fire till the dreamer's legs were half-roasted to the thighs.

For this dominant emergency of fulfilling the dream, the Iroquois could count on the lavished resources of his tribe and the loyalty, even to death, of his friends. One of them dreamed of ten men who dived into a hole in the ice and came up at one beyond. He called his friends, and ten men went out to make the attempt. Nine succeeded, but the last drowned miserably, having lost his way under the ice. The Iroquois dreamed of the Jesuits' black robes, of many horses, of wampum collars, of killing a Frenchman, of abdicating chieftainship, but not once does the tale record that they dreamed of a woman and by this means brought a courtship to a successful conclusion. There must always be selection in the dreams any people choose to make much of, and the Iroquois ignored those dreams by which our own culture rediscovered the seriousness of dreaming.

There are accounts of the practices of the medicine men, of every-day affection in families, of eloquent councils of the sachems. There is no other account of the Indians while they were still masters in their own country that makes them live for us in the flesh as these old reports of the Jesuits. Their missions, certainly the ones which capture our imaginations in the "Relations," vanished without a trace; as the story is recorded, all this devotion was without issue. And, so that we might keep the memory of this failure, we would gladly forget all the boasted triumphs of those centuries.

Professor Karsten's "Civilization of the South American Indians" is a book of a different order. It need not have been so. Professor Karsten has spent five years among the South American natives, and his observations on the Jibaro of Ecuador have been published in anthropological journals in Danish, Spanish, German, French and English. But in all the length of the present volume, there is no page that gives us back the lively mirror of native life and motives that seems in the "Relations" of the Jesuits so simple an act of grace.

Professor Karsten has a theory. His study consists in pigeon-holing native customs under his own main headings; it results in a rather dull herbarium. It is not psychology from the inside out; it is from the outside in. His thesis is that art, raiment, and the cutting of the hair and

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nails have their origin in magic practices, chiefly of protection against supernatural evil. There are studies in clothing, ornament, and body mutilation, in fetish objects, sacrifices, and the couvade, explaining them all in terms of magical practices.

We may instantly grant to Professor Karsten that there is no field of thought or activity which is not saturated with animism among the Indians of either continent; that is not to say that magic practices any more "produce" Peruvian art than the need for a label on the back of a book "produces" the triumphs of the art of book-binding. To discuss the origin of ornamental art and ignore technique and the developing canons of art is to beg the question.

His method, at its worst, may be illustrated by his theory that to the native the efficacy of tattooing lies in the magical effect of the ashes which are rubbed into the abraded skin. Ashes, he says, are associated with fire, which is commonly of supernatural import; they are used by the Fuegian medicine man to cover his head while he is practising; they are mentioned in the myth of the Magic Flight. He gives no word of testimony from the natives of any part of South America to validate his theory. At its best, his method is a generalization of a state of mind which is certainly specific for certain of the tribes with which Professor Karsten is personally acquainted. With the Tobas of Bolivia, the most extravagant magical practices against evil are a commonplace. On the death of his mother, the eldest son cut off one of his nails and hung it around the neck of a dog, which he then drove away. Otherwise the spirit of his dead mother, entering the nail of her son, would kill him, in the shape of a tiger whose form she would take upon herself. Is this an ambivalence toward one's mother which is here institutionalized at her death, or are the Tobas as extravagant in their fear of all their dead?

Professor Karsten has been through all the diffuse and scattered literature of the South American Indians, and he has recorded in the course of his arguments many facts of curious or wide-spread observance. His "Authorities Quoted" includes, with much general material, a valuable bibliography of South American ethnology.

RUTH BENEDICT.

## An Irrepressible Conflict

*The Rhineland Occupation, by Henry T. Allen. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. 347 pages. $5.*

*The Struggle for the Rhine, by Hermann Stegemann. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 432 pages. $6.*

WHEN a victorious general, who has been honorably retired, exchanges the sword for the pen, it may be declared that he realizes as completely as our imperfect human condition permits that *otium cum dignitate* which is every functionary's dream for his closing days. As the first fruits of this happy leisure, General Allen gave us a few years ago his "Rhineland Journal." It was an account in diary form of the happenings, great and little, humorous and tragic, which attended the presence of American troops in Germany in the period 1919-23, and owed its interest not only to the vivacious relief given the recorded incidents but in even greater measure to the judicious, four-square and seasoned personality of the diarist, which diffused itself through the text. In the new work on the same occupation, the general, dropping the subjective note, proceeds to give a systematic and largely technical account of the military and civil governments set up by victors in the Rhineland, the coöperation of the

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two services as well as their relation to the German civil government, and the origin and solution of the successive crises which arose. The author is at pains to show that the United States made many a positive contribution to the situation. In the first place, the project of a civil Inter-Allied Rhineland Commission to replace the crude rule of the army originated with an American, Mr. Pierrepont B. Noyes; and as soon as the Commission had begun to operate, the American delegates, Mr. Noyes, in the first instance, and afterward General Allen, consistently used all the influence they commanded in favor of guiding principles whereby the natives were to be left in possession of every civil right compatible with the safety of the occupying forces. As an objective, well documented study of a closing chapter of the War, the book fills a gap and worthily completes a record; but the appeal it will make to the general body of Americans will, after all, exactly as in the case of the "Rhineland Journal," be due to the sturdy personality it reveals, as well as to the sharp light it throws on Franco-German relations. With all the reserve imposed by obligations resulting from an enthusiastic comradeship in arms, General Allen recounts the activities of the French, who, from the first moment of the occupation of the Rhineland, went impulsively beyond the restrictions imposed on themselves by the older holding powers, the British, the Belgians, and the Americans. In this particular sector they made themselves thoroughly at home, removed German officials practically at will, and secretly organized and systematically fostered the Rhenish separatist movement. All this was regrettable in the American's eyes, but then again it was human, all too human in view of the long war fever followed by the sudden intoxication of victory. Not till, under the leadership of Poincaré, French policy reached the stage familiar to us under the hypocritical name of sanctions, and involving the brazen seizure of further Germany territory, does the author unequivocally voice his disapproval. Being a statesman and a gentleman as well as a soldier, he recognized that this vindictive folly would inevitably sow a new crop of dragon's teeth, and in the end render fruitless the effort put forth by the reasonable group among the victors in behalf of a genuine pacification of Europe. The book closes with the withdrawal of the American troops in the spring of 1923; and although no breath of criticism ruffled his official relations, the General retired from the scene nursing the private conviction that the ancient question of the Rhine had, by the irrepressible spirit of aggression, become once again the chief storm center of an agonizing Europe.

Observing these same French activities from the other bank of the Rhine, Herr Stegemann arrived at a precisely identical conclusion; and desiring, as a good German patriot, to arouse his people and, if possible, the whole world to the dangers of the situation, he formed the plan of unfolding the Rhine problem in its historical perspective by tracing the vicissitudes of the thousand-year-old struggle between the French and German nations for the possession of the valley. Certainly a legitimate historical project, provided one whole-heartedly seeks the facts and follows them in their variety, confusion and richness wherever they happen to lead. But that is what this author was unable to do; for, though he wraps himself ostentatiously in the robes of Clio, he swiftly reveals himself as less a historian than that but too familiar type, an armchair strategist. At least, military matters are his secret passion, and it is around a distinctly military thesis that


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he builds the material with which he hopes to hypnotize his readers. This thesis—it disentangles itself almost at once from the text, and then is repeated with the tiresome iteration of a dull schoolmaster rapping his desk for attention—is that "possession of the Rhine enables a conqueror from the West and South to control the entire central European zone and therefore to dominate Europe." A formidable affirmation, with a seductive charm for the military-minded! They have been carried off their feet by dozens of similar asseverations, often enough presented under the name of "laws," as if they were the legislative acts of some ruler of the universe. A half score will occur at once to every reader, as, for instance, that Antwerp is a pistol aimed at England's heart, that Constantinople means the rule of the world, that the Monroe Doctrine is the only guarantee of the independence of the United States. Let us be fair; speculative deductions from recurrent situations are entirely legitimate, but when they grossly manipulate the facts, they fall by their dead weight into the meretricious class of pseudo-history. And of all pseudo-histories the infallible mark is this: that in them history has lost its innocence. The ancient nationalist rivalry of the Germans and the French over the Rhine valley still awaits its historian.

FERDINAND SCHEVILL.

## Contributors

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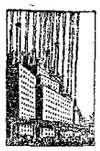

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THE NEW REPUBLIC

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# The New REPUBLIC

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## Contents


The Week ..... 125

Editorials

Prohibition as an Issue ..... 128
Consolidation or Restraint of Trade? ..... 130
Judges and Juries in Boston ..... 131

General Articles

Whither Mexico? ..... Carleton Beals 133
The Re-Discovery of America—II ... Waldo Frank 136
New Playwrights' Theater ..... Stark Young 139
The Boys in the Back Room ..... Robert Littell 140
Anatole France's Successor ..... Edmund Wilson 141
Art (verse) ..... Robert McBlair 142

Correspondence ..... 143

Reviews of Books

Man and God ..... Robert Morss Lovett 144
Money-Changers in Another Temple .. Bruce Bliven 145
A Reasonable Eugenist ..... Edward Sapir 146
Guideposts to Appreciation .... Rose Mary Fischkin 146
When West Meets East ..... Francis Bowes Sayre 147
Father Mississippi ..... John McClure 148
Archer and Shaw ..... E. W. 148
Recent Fiction ..... T. S. Matthews 149


## The Week

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE'S repetition of his refusal to "run" for the presidency leaves the situation just as it was before, except in one important respect. He is apparently still willing to accept the Republican nomination, if it is offered to him by a practically united party without a contest, but he will not have it on any other terms. There is consequently now no reason why a member of his cabinet should not admit to being a candidate and do what he can to recruit delegates. There is also no reason why such a man should not tell his fellow Republicans where he would stand, as President, on controverted issues. We trust that Mr. Hoover, for instance, will soon adopt this course. The refusal of Mr. Hughes, also, to "run" for the nomination leaves to Mr. Hoover a comparatively clear field in the East and in the South. He will have no one against him except a few favorite sons with very little impulse behind their candidacies. He will have to overcome opposition in the West, but he seems to be developing more strength in that region than the wise men suspected. If Senator Norris puts in his claim for progressive delegates in opposition to Lowden and Dawes, it ought to help Mr. Hoover, who might be induced thereby to emphasize his own somewhat negative progressive propensities. In any event, he is much the best candidate whom the Republicans have any disposition to nominate, and, if nominated and elected, he would restore to the Washington government some of the initiative which it possessed under one or two of Mr. Coolidge's predecessors.

THE most formidable obstacle to Mr. Hoover's nomination will not be any of his frank opponents, but the reluctance of many of the leaders and rank and file of the party to exchange a safe bet like Mr. Coolidge for some much more chancy successor. Thousands of them will hang back and refuse to commit themselves to any candidate in the hope that the Coolidge myth will in the end prevail by virtue of its own irresistible magic. If, by the first of May, neither Mr. Hoover nor any other candidate has developed a sufficiently preponderant strength, and if it begins to look as if there would be a sharp and perhaps a prolonged fight in the convention before anybody is nominated, these tacit Coolidgeites will begin an underground movement in favor of nominating Coolidge without a contest, which might succeed. Those of us, consequently, who would rather see Hoover nominated than Mr. Coolidge renominated hope that Mr. Hoover will begin an aggressive open campaign for delegates and popular support. He is fighting the Coolidge myth as well as Lowden and Dawes, and his best tactics is to be aggressive—that is, to arouse in the Republican party a positive desire to nominate as President a man with more momentum and a better direction to his life and mind than has Mr. Coolidge.

WE now harvest the fruits of Geneva. It is predicted that the Navy will ask an appropriation of a billion dollars in five years, the items being twenty-six ten-thousand-ton cruisers, three aeroplane carriers, five submarines, eighteen destroyers and four new battleships. It is unlikely that Congress will approve this staggering total; the navy men have learned to ask for a great deal and then

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